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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Damon and Pythias


By RICHARD EDWARDS

*Licensed 1568*

*Date of Original (presumedly there was an earlier  
edition), 1571*

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

*Edwards, Richard*

## Damon and Pithias

1571



*Issued for Subscribers by*

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LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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GENERAL













# Damon and Pithias

BY RICHARD EDWARDS

*The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum, the press-mark being C. 34, c. 30. From the title-page of this copy, which is dated 1571, it would appear that it is not the first edition; if so, no copies of an earlier impression are known to be extant. A reprint appeared in 1582, and since then the play has been frequently re-issued in modern times.*

*It is uncertain when "Damon and Pithias" was first produced; some authorities are inclined to regard it as identical with the tragedy by Edwards which was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Richmond by the children of the chapel in 1564-5, and of course it must have been written before 1566, when Edwards died: it appears to have been licensed to the printer in 1568.*

*Richard Edwards, who wrote this and other plays not now extant, was born in Somersetshire about the year 1523, and died, as already stated, in 1566. "The Dictionary of National Biography" narrates all that is known of him.*

*Besides "Damon and Pithias" and "Palamon and Arcyte" (in two parts), Edwards was also the compiler of a very popular anthology—"The Paradise of Dainty Devices."*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department, British Museum, has compared this facsimile with the*



*original copy, and reports the workmanship (with one exception) as "excellent." Special points of information and criticism are as follows:—*

(1) *Title-page, the darkening at the bottom right-hand corner very much exaggerates one or two slight stains in original.*

(2) *B. ii. verso, line 6, the script is in red ink in the original.*

(3) *B. iv. verso, line 14, the mark to the left of the catch-name "ARISTIPPVS" does not appear in the original.*

(4) *℥. ij. verso, line 7, the correcting stroke reversing the order of "furca" and "expellas" is in red ink. The stroke over the last "a" in "Natura" has also been in red.*

(5) *℥. iij. recto, line 1, "An . . . manus" is underlined in pencil, and "omitted" is pencilled against the line in the right-hand margin.*

(6) *℥. iiij. recto, lines 9 and 10, the corrections between these two lines are in red ink.*

(7) *℥. iiij. recto, the script in the bottom right-hand corner is in red ink.*

(8) *℥. iiij. verso, lines 5 and 6, the bracket is in red ink.*

(9) *E. iv. recto, at the foot of this page is lightly pencilled "Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res  
Hor".*

(10) *F. iv. verso, line 16, the blot at commencement of line is not in the original.*

JOHN S. FARMER.











# The excellent Comedie of two the moſte faithfulleſt

*Freendes, Damon and Pithias.*

Newly Imprinted, as the ſame was ſhewed be-  
fore the Queenes Maieſtie, by the Childzen of her Graces  
Chappell, except the Prologue that is ſomewhat al-  
tered for the proper uſe of them that hereafter  
ſhall haue occaſſion to plaie it, either in  
Private, or open Audiance. Made  
by Maſter Edwards, then beynge  
Maſter of the Childzen.

1571.



## Imprinted at London in

Fleetſlane by Richarde Iohnes, and are to be  
ſolde at his ſhop, lying to the Southweſt  
doore of Paules Church.











# THE PROLOGVE.




O euerie syde, wheras I glaunce my rousing eye,  
 Silence in all cares bent I plainly do espie:  
 But if your egre lookes doo longe suche toyes to see,  
 As heretofore in condongrall wise, were wont abroade to bee:  
 Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you sought,  
 Is frustrate quite of toying playes. A soden change is wrought,  
 For loe, our Authours Muse, that masked in delight,  
 Hath forst his Penne agaynst his kinde, no more suche sportes to write.  
 Whuse he that lust, (right worshipfull) for chaunce hath made this change,  
 For that to some he seemed too minche, in yonge desires to range:  
 I whiche, right glad to please, seruyng that he did offende,  
 Of all he humble pardon craues: his Pen that shall amende:  
 And yet (worshipfull Audiance,) thus much I dare aduouche.  
 In Commedies, the greatest Shyll is this, rightly to touche.  
 All thynges to the quicke: and eke to frame eche person so,  
 That by his common talke, you may his nature rightly knowe:  
 A Koyster ought not preache, that were to straunge to heare,  
 But as from vertue he doth swerue, so ought his wordes appeare:  
 The olde man is sober, the yonge man rashe, the Louer triumphyng in toyes,  
 The Myrrour graue, the Harlot wilde and full of wanton toyes.  
 Whiche all in one course they no wise doo agree:  
 So correspondent to their kinde their speeches ought to bee.  
 Which speeches well pronounke, with action liuely framed,  
 If this offende the lookers on, let H. race then be blamed,  
 Which hath our Authoz taught at Schole, from whom he doth not swarue,  
 In all suche kinde of exercise decorum to obserue,  
 Thus much for his defence (he sayth) as Poetes earst haue donne,  
 Which heretofore in Commedies the selfe same case did runne:  
 But now for to be brieue, the matter to expresse,  
 Which here wee shall present: is this Damon and Pithias,  
 A rare ensample of Friendship true, it is no Legend lie,  
 But a thinge once donne in deede as Hystories doo discerie,  
 Whiche doone of yore in longe time past, yet present shalbe here.  
 Euen aa it were in dooyng now, so liuely it shall appeare:  
 As here in Siraculz thau ancient Towne, which once the Romanes wonne,  
 Here Dionisius Pallace, within whose Courte this thing most strange was donne,  
 Which matter mixt with myyth and care, a iust name to applie,  
 As seemes most fit wee haue it termed, a Tragical Commedie,  
 Wherein talkyng of Courtly toyes, wee doo protest this flat,  
 Wee talke of Dionisius Courte, wee meane no Court but that,  
 And that wee doo so meane, who wylely callith to minde,



## The Prologue.

The time, the place, the Authours here most plainly shall it shew,  
For this I speake for our defence, lest of others wee should be shew:  
But worthy Audience, wee you pray, take thinges as they be ment,  
Whose vpright Iudgement wee doo craue, with heede-full care and Goe,  
To here the cause, and see the effect of this newe Tragicall Commedie.

E X I T.



## The Speakers names.

Aristippus, a pleasant Gentilman.

Carisophus, a Parasite.

Damon, }

Pachias, } two gentlemen of Greece.

Stephano, seruant to Damon and Pachias.

V Vill, Aristippus lackey.

Iacke, Carisophus lackey.



Snap, the Porter.

Dionilius, the Kynges.

Eubulus, the Kynges counselour.

Gronno, the Hangman.

Grimme, the Colyer.









**¶ Here entreteth ARISTIPPVS.**

**I** O strange (perhaps) it seemes to some,  
That I Aristippus, a Courtier am become:  
A Philosopher of late, not of the meanest name,  
But now to the Courtly behaviour my lyfe I frame,  
Muse he that lyst, to you of good skill,  
I say that I am a Philosopher still:

Louers of Wisdom, are termed Philosophie,  
Then who is a Philosopher so rightly as I?  
For in louyng of wisdom, proue doth this trise,  
That Frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi:  
I am wyse for my selfe, then tell me of troth,  
Is not that great Wisdom as the world goth?  
Some Philosophers in the streete go ragged and torne,  
And feedes on vyle Kores, whom Boyes laugh to scozne:  
But I in fine Silkes haunt Dionysius Pallace,  
Wherin with dayntie fare my selfe I do solace:  
I can talke of Philosophie as well as the best,  
But the strapte kynde of lyfe I leaue to the rest:  
And I professe now the Courtly Philosophie,  
To crouche, to speake fayre, my selfe I applie,  
To feede the Kinges humour with pleasant deuises,  
For whiche I am called Regius Canis:  
But wot ye who named me first the Kinges Dogge?  
It was the Roage Diogenes that vile granting Hogge:  
Let him rolle in his Tubbe to winne a bayne prayse,  
In the Courte pleasantly I wyll spende all my dayes:  
Wherin what to do, I am not to learne,  
What wyll serue myne owne turne I can quickly discearne:  
All my tyme at Schole I haue not spent vanyly,  
I can helpe one, is not that a good point of Philosophie?

**¶ Here entreteth CARISOPHVS.**

I besyze your fine eares, since you came from Schole,  
In the Court you haue made many a wiseman a sole:  
And though you paint out your fayned Philosophie,  
So God helpe me, it is but a playne kinde of flattery:  
Whiche you vse so finely in so pleasant a sorte,  
That none but Aristippus, now makes the Kinge spozte,  
Ere you came hither, for I was sombody,  
The Kinge delighted in me, now I am but a noddie.

**ARISTIPPVS.**

In faith Carisophus, you know your selfe best,

B. l.

But



## The Tragical Commedie

But I will not call you noddie, but only in jest,  
 And thus I assure you; though I came from schole,  
 To serue in this Court, I came not yet to be the Kinges sole,  
 Or to fill his eares with seruile squirillie,  
 That office is yours, you know it right perfectly,  
 Of Parasites and Scicophants you are a graue benchet,  
 The Kinge fadeth you often from his owne trencher,  
 I enuys not your state, nor yet your great fauour,  
 When grudge not at all, if in my behauiour:  
 I make the Kinge mery, with pleasant vrbantie,  
 Whom I neuer abused to any mans iniurie.

CARISOPHVS.

Be cocke sir, yet in the Courte you doe best thine,  
 For you get more in on day then I doe in aue.

ARISTIPPVS.

Why man in the Courte, do you not see,  
 Rewardeg geuen for vertue, to euery degree?  
 To rewarde the vnworthy that worlde is done,  
 The Courte is changed, a god thread hath bin sponne  
 Of Dogges wooll heretofore, and why? be cause it was liked,  
 And not for that it was best trimmed and picked:  
 But now mens eares are finer, such grosse toys are not set by,  
 Therfore to a trimmer kynde of myrth my selfe I applye,  
 Wherin though I please, it cometh not of my desert,  
 But of the Kinges fauour.

CARISOPHVS.

It may so be, yet in your prosperitie,  
 Dispise not an olde courtier, Carisophus is he,  
 Which hath longe time sed Dionisus humors:  
 Diligently to please. Asll at hand, there was neuer ramos,  
 Spread in this towne of any smale thinge, but I  
 Brought it to the Kinge in post by and by,  
 Yet now I craue your friendship, which if I may attayne,  
 Most sure and unfained friendship I promise you a gaine:  
 So we two linckt in friendship brother and brother,  
 Full well in the Courte may helpe one another.

ARISTIPPVS.

Bir Lady Carisophus, though you know not Philosophie,  
 Yet surely you are a better Courtier then I,  
 And yet I not so euill a courtier that wyll let me to dispise,  
 Such an old courtier as you so expect and so wise,  
 But where as you craue myne I offer your friendship so willingly,  
 Which hart I geue you thanks for this your great curtesie: A. fu.







# Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nayle,  
Whiles life lasteth neuer to faile.

CARISOPHVS.

A thousand thanks I geue you, oh friend Aristippus  
ARISTIPPVS.

Oh friend Carisophus.

CARISOPHVS.

How foyfull am I sith I haue to friend Aristippus now:  
ARISTIPPVS.

I None so glad of Carisophus friendship as I, I make God a vowe,  
I speake as I thinke, beleeue me.

CARISOPHVS.

Sith we are now so friendly ioyned, it seemeth to me,  
That one of vs helpe eche other in euery degree,  
Prefer you my cause when you are in presence,  
To further your matters to the Kinge let me alone in your absence.

ARISTIPPVS.

Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as you would wish,  
But I pray you tell me, thus much by the way,  
Whither now from this place wyll you take your iournay?

CARISOPHVS

I wyll not dissemble, that were against Friendship,  
I go into the Citie some knaues to nip:  
For talke with their goddes, to encrease the kynges Treasure,  
In such kinde of seruice, I set my chāse pleasure,  
Farewell friend Aristippus now for a time,

EXIT.

ARISTIPPVS.

A deue friend Carisophus: In god faith now,  
Of force I must laugh at this solempne vow,  
Is Aristippus linckt in Friendship with Carisophus?  
Quid cum tanto Asino, talis Philosophus?

They say, Morum similitudo consultat amicitias.

Then, how can this Friendship betwene vs two come to passe?  
We are as like in condicions, as Iacke Fletcher and his Bowlt,  
I brought vp in learyng, but he is a very dolt  
As touching good Letters: but otherwise such a craftie knaue,  
If you seeke a whole Region, his lyke you can not haue:

A Villaine for his life, a Harlet died in Gaune,  
You lose Money by him if you sel him for one knaue, for he serues for  
A flatterng Parasite, a Sycophant also,  
A common accuser of men: to the god, an open foe,  
Of halfe a worde, he can make a Legend of lies,

B. y.

Whiche



## The Tragical Commedie

Which he wyll aduouch with such tragical cryes,  
 As though all were true that comes out of his mouth,  
 Where in dede to be hanged by and by,  
 He cannot tell one tale but t'wylse he must lie,  
 He spareth no mans life to get the kinges fauour,  
 In which kind of seruys he hath got such a fauour, *this line left out by D*  
 That he wyll neuer leaue, me thinke then that I,  
 Haue done very wysely to ioyne in friendship with him, lest perhaps I  
 Comming in his way might be nipt, for such knaues in presence,  
 We see oft times put honest men to silence:  
 Yet I haue played with his beard in knitting this knot,  
 I promitt frendship, but you loue few words: I spake it, but I meant it  
 Who markes this frendship betwene vs two, (not.  
 Shal iudge of the worldly frendship without any more a do,  
 It may be a ryght Patron therof, but true frendship in dede,  
 Of nought but of vertue, doth truly professe,  
 But why do I now enter into Philosophie,  
 Which do professe the fine kind of curtesie:  
 I wyll hence to the Courte with all haste I may,  
 I thinke the king be stirring, it is now bright day.  
 So waite at a pinche still in sight I meane,  
 For wot ye what: a new Broom sweeps cleane,  
 As to his honour I mynde not to clyme,  
 So I meane in the courte to lose no time:  
 Wherein happy man be his dole, I trust that I,  
 Shal not speede worst, and that very quickly

EXIT.

Where entrest DAMON and PITHIAS

lyke Partners.

**O** NEPTVNE, immortal be thy prayse,  
 For that so safe from Græce we haue past the seas,  
 To this noble citie SIRACVSAE, where we  
 The auncient raygne of the Romaines may see,  
 Whose force, Græce also here tofore hath knowne,  
 Whose vertue, the still trump of fame so farre hath blowne.  
 PITHIAS.

My Damon, of right high prayse we ought to gene,  
 To Neptune and all the Gods, that we safely byd arryue,  
 The Seas I thinke with contrary winds, neuer raged so,  
 I am euen yet so seasicke, that I saynt as I go:  
 Therefore let vs get some lodgyng quickely:  
 But where is Stephanus?

Com







## OF DAMON and PITHIAS.

Here entresth STEPHANO.

Not farre hence: a Pockes take these Daryner knaues,  
 Not one would healde mee to carry this stuffe, such Drunken slaues  
 I thinke be accursed of the Goddes owne mouthes.

DAMON.

Stephano, leaue thy ragyng, and let vs enter SIRACVSAE  
 We wil prouide lodgyng, and thou shalt be eased of thy burden by e by  
 STEPHANO.

God mayster make haste, for I tell you playne,  
 This heauy burden puts poore Stephano to much payne.

PITHIAS.

Come on thy wayes, thou shalt be eased, and that anon. EXIT.

\* Here entresth CARISOPHVS.

It is a true saying that oft hath bin spoken,  
 The picher goeth so longe to the water, that he commeth home broken  
 My owne proue this hath taught me, for truly sith I,  
 In the Citie haue vsed to walke very slyly,  
 Not with one can I mete, that will in talke toyne with mee,  
 And to creepe into mens bosomes. some talke for to snatche,  
 By which into one trip or other, I might trimly them catche  
 And so accuse them: Now not with one can I mete,  
 That will toyne in talke w mee, I am shund lyke a Deuill in y strate,  
 My credite is crackte where I am knowne, but yet I heare say,  
 Certayne straingers are arriued, they were a good pray,  
 If happely I might mete with them, I feare not I,  
 But in talke I should tripppe them, and that very finely,  
 Which thinge, I assure you, I do for myne owne gayne,  
 Or els I woulde not plodde thus vp and downe, I tell you playne:  
 Well, I will for a whyle to the Court to see  
 What Aristippus doth, I would be loth in fauer he shuld ouerrun mee,  
 He is a subtile chyld, he flattereth so finely, that I feare mee,  
 He will licke all the fatte from my lippes, and so outwery mee:  
 Therefore I will not be longe absent, but at hand,  
 That al his fine dysses I may vnderstande. EXIT.

\* Here entresth VVYLL and IACKE.

I wonder what my Master Aristippus meanes now a daies,  
 That he leaueth Philosophie, and seeks to please  
 Ryng Dionisius, with such mery toyes,  
 In Dionisius Court now he only toyes,  
 As trim a Courtier as the best,  
 Ready to aunswer, quicke in tauntes, pleasaunt to lesse,



## The Tragicall Commedie

A lusty companion to deuise with fine Dames,  
Whose humour to seede, his wylie witte he frames.

IACKE.

Be cocke as you say, your Maister is a Minion,  
A soule coyle he keepe in this Courte. Aristippus alone  
Now rules the roaste with his pleasant deuises,  
That I feare he wyll put out of conceit my Maister Carisophus.

VVYLL.

Feare not that Iacke, toz like bzoother and bzoother  
They are knit in true Friendship the one with the other,  
They are fellows you knowe, and honest men both,  
Therfoze the one to hinder the other, they wyll be lothe.

IACKE.

Opea, but I haue heard say, there is falshod in felowshippe,  
In the Court somtimes, one genes another finely the slippe:  
Which when it is spied, it is laught out with a scoffe,  
And with sportyng and playing, quietly shaken of:  
In which kinde of toying, thy master hath such a grace,  
That he wyll neuer bluih, he hath a wodden face:  
But Wyll, my maister hath Bees in his head,  
If he finde me heare pratinge, I am but dead:  
He is styll trotting in the Citie, there is sumwhat in the winds:  
His lookes bewrayes his inwarde troubled mynde:  
Therfoze I wyll be packing, to the Courts by and by  
If he be once angry, Iacke shall cry wo the pps.

VVYLL.

O Wy? Lady, if I tary longe here, of the same sauce shall I tast,  
For my master sent me on an errand, and bad me make haste,  
Therfoze we wyll departe together.

EXEVNT.

Here entreth STEPHANO.

Ofetymes I haue heard, befoze I came hether,  
That no man can serue two masters together:  
A sentence so true, as moſte men do take it,  
At any tyme false, that no man can make it:  
And yet by their leane, that first haue it spoken,  
How that may proue false, euen here I wyll open:  
For I Stephano, loe, so named by my father,  
At this tyme serue two masters together:  
And loue them a lyke, the one and the other,  
I duely obey, I can do no other,  
A bondoman I am so nature hath wrought me,  
One Damon of Grace, a gentleman bought me:

To him







## OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

To him I stand bound, yet serue I another,  
 Whom Damon my Master loues, as his owne brother:  
 A Gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,  
 Fraught with Vertue, whom vice neuer defamed:  
 These two, since at Schoole they fell acquainted,  
 In mutuall friendship, at no time haue fainted:  
 But loued so kindly, and friendly eche other,  
 As though they were Brothers by Father and Mother:  
 Pithagoras learnynge, these two haue embraced,  
 Whiche bothe are in vertue so narrowly laced:  
 That all their whole doynges do fall to this issue,  
 To haue no respect, but onely to vertue:  
 All one in effecte: all one in their goynge,  
 All one in their study, all one in their doyng:  
 These Gentlemen both, beyng of one conditio[n],  
 Both alike of my seruice haue all the fruitio[n]:  
 Pithias is toyfull, if Damon be pleased:  
 If Pithias be serued, then Damon is sated:  
 Serue one, serue both: so neare, who would win them?  
 I thinke they haue but one hart betwene them:  
 In trauelyng Countreys, we thre haue contriued,  
 Full many a yeare: and this day arrived  
 At SIRACVSAE in Sicillia that ancient Towne,  
 Where my Masters are lodged: and I vp and downe,  
 Go seekyng to learne what Newes here are walkyng,  
 To hearken of what thynges the people are talkyng.  
 I like not this Soyle: for as I go ploddyng,  
 I marke there two, there thre their heades all wayes noddynge,  
 In close secret wise. Wppl whisperyng together:  
 If I aske any question, no man doth answer:  
 But shakynge their heads, they go their wayes speakyng,  
 I marke how with teares, their lust eyes are leakyng:  
 Some strangenesse there is, that breedeth this musinge.  
 Well: I wppl to my Masters, and tell of their byng,  
 That they may learne, and walke wisely together,  
 I feare, we shall curse the time we came hether.

EXIT.

\* Here entred ARISTIPPVS and VVYLL.

Well, didst thou heare the Ladies so talke of me,  
 What apleth them: from their nippes shall I neuer be free:

VVYLL.

God faith Sir, all the Ladies in the Courte, do plainly report,  
 That without mencio[n] of them, you can make no spozte:

They

## The Tragicall Commedie

They are your Playne songe to singe Descant vpon,  
If they weare not, your mirth were gone,  
Therfoze master, lest no more with women in any wise,  
If you doe, by cocke your are lyke to know the price.

ARISTIPPVS.

Wylly, this is good counsell, playnely to tell  
Of women, profe hath taught me it is not best,  
I wylly change my coppy, how be it, I care not a quynche,  
I know the galde horse will sanest winche:  
But learne thou secretly what priuely they talke  
Of me in the Courte, amonge them slyly walke,  
And bryng me true newes thereof.

V V YLL.

I wylly say, master thereof haue no doubt, for I  
Wheare they talke of you, wylly enforme you perfectly.

ARISTIPPVS.

Do so my boy: if thou bryng it finely to passe,  
For thy good seruice, thou shalt go in thine olde coate at Christmas.

Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano.

(EXEVNT)

Stephano, is all this true that thou hast tolde me.

STEPHANO.

Sir, for lies, hether to ye neuer controulde me,  
Oh that we had neuer set foote on this land,  
Where Dionisius raygues, with so bloody a hande,  
Euery day he sheweth some token of crueltie,  
With blood he hath filled all the strates in the Citie:  
I tremble to heare the peoples murmuring,  
I lament, to see his most cruell dealing:  
I thinke there is no suche tyrant vnder the Sunne,  
O my deare masters, this moornyng what hath he done?

DAMON.

What is that? tell vs quickly.

STEPHANO.

As I this morning past in the strate,  
With a wofull man (going to his death) did I meete,  
Many people folowed, and I of one secretly.  
Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die:  
Whispered in mine eare, nought hath he done but thus,  
In his sleape he dreamed he had killed Dionisius,  
Which dreame tolde abroad was brought to the kinge in poste,  
By whome condemned for suspicion, his lyfe he hath lost:  
Marcia was his name as the people sayde.

PITHIAS.







## OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

My deare friende Damon, I blame not Stephano,  
For wishing we had not come hether, saynge it is so:  
That for so small cause, suche cruell death doth insue.

DAMON.

My Pithias, where Tirantes raigne, suche cases are not new,  
Whiche fearynge their owne state for great crueltie,  
Do sit fast as they thinke, doe execute speedely,  
All suche as any light suspicion haue tainted.

STEPHANO.

With suche quicke Barbers, I lyst not be acquainted.

DAMON.

So are they neuer in quiet, but in suspicion styll,  
When one is made a way, they take occasion another to kyll:  
Euer in feare, hauing no trustie friende, beyde of all peoples loue,  
And in their owne conscience, a continuall Hell they proue.

PITHIAS.

As thynges by their contraries are alwayes best proued,  
How happie are then merisfull Princes of their people beloued:  
Hauing sure friendes euerie where, no feare doth touch them,  
They may safely spende the day pleasantly, at night

(Secure dormiunt in vtranque aurem.

Oh my Damon, if choyce were offered me, I would chose to be Pithias  
As I am, (Damons friende:) rather then to be kynge Dionisius.

STEPHANO.

And god cause why: for you are enterly beloued of one,  
And as farre as I heare, Dionisius is beloued of none.

DAMON.

That state is mooste miserable, thise happy are we,  
Whom true loue hath ioyned in perfect Amptie:  
Whiche amptie first sprong, without vaunting be it spoken, that is true,  
Of likelines of maners, take roote by company, & now is conserued by  
Whiche vertue alwaies through worldly things do not frame (vertue  
Yet doth she atchieue to her followers immortall fame:  
Wherof if men were carefull, for Vertues sake onely  
They would honour friendship, and not for commoditie:  
But suche as for profite in friendship do lincke,  
When trozmes come, they slide away sooner then a man wyll thinke:  
My Pithias, the somme of my talke falles to this issue,  
To proue no friendship is sure, but that which is groundd on vertue.

PITHIAS.

My Damon, of this thyng, there needes no proue to me,

THE

E. I.

The Goddess



## The Tragical Commedie

The Gods forbid, but that Pithias w<sup>th</sup> Damon in al things shuld agree  
For why it is said: Amicus alter ipse,  
But that true friendes should be two in body: but one in minde,  
As it were one transformed into another, whiche against kynde  
Though it seeme: yet in god faith, when I am alone,  
I forget I am Pithias, me thinke I am Damon.

STEPHANO.

That could I neuer do, to forget my selfe, full well I know,  
Wheresoeuer I go, that I am PAUPER STEPHANO:  
But I pray you sir, for all your Philosophy,  
See that in this Courte you walke very wisely:  
You are but newly come hether, being strangers ye know,  
Many eyes are bent on you in the streets as ye go:  
Many spies are abroad, you can not be too circumspect.

DAMON.

Stephano, because thou art carefull of mee thy maister, I do thee praise,  
Yet thinke this for a faultie, no state to displease:  
By talke or otherwise, my friende and I entende, we wyll here  
As men that come to see the soyle & maners of al men of euery degree,  
Pythagoras said, that this world was like a Stage,  
Wheron many play their partes: the lookers on the sage  
Philosophers are saith he, whose parte is to learne  
The maners of all Nations, and the good from the bad to discern.

STEPHANO.

God faith sir, concernge the people they are not gay,  
And as farre as I see, they be dummers, for nought they say;  
For the moste parte what soeuer you aske them.  
The soyle is suche, that to lye heare I can not lyke.

DAMON.

Thou speakest accordynge to thy learnynge, but I say,  
Omnis solum fortis patria: A wise man may lyue euery where:  
Therefore my deare friende Pithias,  
Let vs view this Towne in euery place,  
And then consider the Peoples maners also.

PITHIAS.

As you wyl my Damon, but how say you Stephano?  
Is it not best ere we go further, to take some repast?

STEPHANO.

\* In faith, I lyke well this question, sir: for all your haste,  
To eat som what I pray you, thinke it no folly,  
It is his dinner time, I know by my belly.

DAMON.

Open







## OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

**T**hen let vs to our lodging departe, when dinner is done,  
We wyl be in this Citie as we haue begonne.

EXEANT

Here entreteth CARISOPHVS.

**O**nce agayne in hope of good wynd, I hope by my sayle,  
I goe into the citie to finde som pray for mine awayle:  
I hunger while I may see these straungers, that lately  
Arrived, I were faine if once I might meete them happly,  
Let them barke that lust, at this kinde of gaine,  
He is a foole that for his profit will not take payne:  
Though it be toynd with other mens hurt, I care not at all,  
For profit I wyl accuse any man, hap what shall:  
But soft sayes, I pray you hursh, what are they that comes hert,  
By their apparell, and countinaunce some strangers they appeare,  
I wyl shewde my selfe secretly, euen here for a while,  
To heare all their talke that I may them beguyle.

\* Here entreteth DAMON and STEPHANO.

**A** horse horse some curried, my belly warreth thiner,  
I am as hungry now as when I went to dinner:  
Your philosophical diet, is so fine and small,  
That you may eate your dinner & supper at once, & not surfaite at all.

DAMON.

**S**tephano, much meat breeds heauyness, thynne diet makes the light  
STEPHANO.

**I** may be lighter thereby, but I shall neuer rune the faster.

DAMON.

**I** haue had insufficiently discourse of amittie,  
Which I had at dinner with Pithias and his pleasaunt companie  
Hath fully satisfied me, it doth me good to see myne eyes on him.

STEPHANO.

**C**ourse of discourse, your course is very course for all your talke,  
You had but one bare course, and that was Pike, rise and walke,  
And surely for all your talke of Philosophie,  
I neuer heard that a man with wordes could fill his belly,  
Feede your eyes (quod you) the reason from my wilddom I warneeth,  
I stared on you both, and yet my belly starueth.

DAMON.

**A**h Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memoire.

STEPHANO.

**I** care not for your craftie Sophistrie,  
You two are fine, let mee be fed lyke a grosse knaue still,  
I pray you licent me for a while to haue my will:

C. y.

At home

## The Tragical Commedie

At home to tary whiles you take bew of this cisse,  
To finde some odde victualles in a corner, I am very wittie.

DAMON.

At your pleasure sir, I wyl waite on my selfe this daye,  
Yet attende vpon Pithias, whiche for a purpose tarieth at home,  
So doyng, you waite vpon me also.

STEPHANO.

With winges on my foete I go.

DAMON.

Not in vain the Poet saith *Natura furca expellas, tamen vsque recurrit.*  
For trayne vp a bondman neuer to so good a behauiour,  
Yet in some point of seruilitie, he wyl sauour:  
As this Stephano, truste to mee his Mayster, louyng and kinde,  
Not touchyng his belly, a very bondman I him finde:  
He is to be bozne withall, beyng so iust and true,  
I assure you, I would not chaunge him for no new:  
But mee thinkes, this is a pleasant Cisse,  
The Deate is good, and yet not stronge, and that is great pittie.

CARISOPHVS.

I am safe, he is myne owne.

DAMON.

The Ayre subtle and fine, the people should be wittie  
That dwell vnder this Climate in so pure a Region,  
A trimmer Plotte I haue not sene in my peregrination:  
Nothyng mispeth mee in this Countrey,  
But that I heare suche mutterynge of crueltie:  
Fame reporteth strange thynges of Dionisius,  
But kynges matters passyng our reache, pertayne not to vs.

CARISOPHVS.

Dionisius (quoth you) since the worlde began,  
In Sicilia neuer ragged so cruell a man:  
A despightfull Tyrant to all men, I maruayle I,  
That none makes him away, and that sodaynly.

DAMON.

My frende, the Goddess forbyd so cruell a thyng:  
That any man should lift vp his sword against the kyng:  
Or seke other meanes by death him to preuent,  
Whom to rule on earth, the mightie Goddess haue sent:  
But my frende, leaue off this talke of kyng Dionisius.

CARISOPHVS.

Why sir: he can not heare vs.

DAMON







## Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

DAMON

What then? An nescis longas Regibus esse manus?  
 It is no safe talkyng of them that strykes a farre off:  
 But leauyng kynges matters, I pray you shew mee this curtelle:  
 To describe in few wordes, the state of this Citie:  
 A traunayler I am, desirous to know  
 The state of eche Countrey. wher euer I go:  
 Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience therby:  
 It is not for nought that the Poet doth crye,  
*Dic mihi Musa virum, capta post tempora Troys,*  
*Multorum hominum mores qui vidit & urbis,*  
 In whiche verses, as some Writers do scan,  
 The Poet describeth, a perfect wise man:  
 Euen so, I beyng a stranger, addicted to Philosophy,  
 To see the state of Countreies, my selfe I applie.

CARISOPHVS.

Sir, I like this entent, but may I aske your name without scozne?

DAMON.

My name is Damon, well knowen in my Countrey, a Gentleman  
 (bozue.

CARISOPHVS.

You do wisely to serche the state of eche Countrie,  
 To beare intelligence therof whether you lust: He is a spie,  
 Sir, I pray you, haue patience a while, for I haue to do here by:  
 Aiew this weake parte of this Citie as you stande, & I very quickly  
 Wyl retourn to you agayne, and then wyl I shew,  
 The state of all this Countrie, and of the Courte also.

EXIT.

DAMON.

I thanke you for your courtesie, this chaunceth well that I  
 Met with this Gentleman so happely,  
 Whiche as it seemeth, misliketh some thyng,  
 Als he would not talke so boldly of the kyng,  
 And that to a stranger, but loe were he comes in haffe.

Here entreth CARISOPHVS and SNAP.

This is he felow Snap, snap him vp: a way with hym.

SNAP.

God selow thou must go with mee to the Courte.

DAMON.

To the Courte sir, and why?

CARISOPHVS.

Well, we wyl dispute that befoze the Kyng, away with hym quickly.

DAMON.

Is this the curtelle you promysed mee: and that very lately.

C. 49.

Carisophus.

# The Tragical Commedie

CARISOPHVS.

Away with him I say.

DAMON

Use no violence, I will go with you quietly. Exiunt omnes.

Here entreteth ARISTIPPVS.

Ab hira, by lady, Aristippus likes Dionisius Court very well,  
Whiche in passing loyes and pleasures doth excell:

Where he hath Daphilæ cænas, gemalis lectos, & auro.

Fulgenti turgmani zonam.

I haue plied the haruest, and stroke when the prou was hotte,

When I spied my time, I was not squeemish to craue. God wotter:

But with some pleasant tyoe, I crept into the kinges bosome,

For whiche, Dionisius gaue me Aure talentum magnum,

A large rewarde, for so simple seruices,

What then: the kinges prayse standeth chiefly in bountifullnesse:

Whiche thyng, though I tolde the kinge very pleasantly,

Yet can I proue it by good Writers of great Antiquitie:

But that shall not neede at this time, since that I haue abundantly,

When I lacke hereafter, I will vse this point of Philosophye:

But now, where as I haue felt the kynes lyberalitie,

As princely as it came, I will spende it as regallie:

Money is currant men say, and currant comes of currendo

Then will I make mony runne, as his nature requirerh I trow,

For what becomes a Philosopher best,

But to dispise mony aboue the rest:

And yet not so dispise it, but to haue in store

Enough to serue his owne tourne, and somwhat more,

With sondrie sports and tauntes, yester night I delighted the kinge,

That with his lowde laughter, the whole court did ringe:

And I thought he laught not merier then I, when I got this money,

But mumbouget for Carisophus I espie.

In haste to come hether, I must handle the knaue finely:

O Carisophus, my dearest frinde, my trusty companion,

What newes with you: where haue you been so longe:

Here entreteth CARISOPHVS.

My best beloued friend Aristippus, I am come at last,

I haue not spent all my time in wast,

I haue got a pray, and that a good one I trow.

ARISTIPPVS.

What praye is that: saine would I know.

CARISOPHVS.

Such a crafty spie I haue caught, I dare say,

As neuer







## OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

As neuer was in Cicillia; before this day,  
Suche a one as belued enery weake place in the Citie,  
Surueiled the Hauen, and each bulwarke, in talke very wittie;  
And yet by some wordes, him selfe he dyd bewray.

ARISTIPPVS.

**E**I thinke so in god faith, as you did handle him.

CARISOPHVS.

**E**I handled him clarkly. I toynd in talke with him courteously,  
But when we were entred, I let him speake his wyll, and I  
Suckt out thus much of his words, that I made him say playnely,  
He was come hether to know the state of the Citie.  
And not only this, but that he would vnderstande,  
The state of Dionisius Courte and of the whole land.  
Which wordes when I heard, I desired him to staye,  
Till I had done a little businesse of the way,  
Promising him to returne agayne quickly: And so did conuaye  
My self to y<sup>e</sup> Court for Snap y<sup>e</sup> Tipstaffe, which came & bysnatched him:  
Brought him to the Court and in the porters lodge dispatched him;  
After I ran to Dionisius as fast as I could,  
And bewrayed this matter to him which I haue you tolde:  
Which thinge when he heard, beinge very mery before,  
He sodenly fell in a dump, and sonyng lyke a Boze:  
At last he swooze in a great rage that he should die,  
By the sworde of the whæle, and that very shortly,  
I am too shamefast for my trauell and toyle,  
I craue nothinge of Dionisius but only his spoyle:  
Little hath he about him, but a few motheaten crownes of golde:  
Cha pought them by all ready, they are sure in hold:  
And now I goe in to the Citie to say soth,  
To see what he hath at his lodgings, to make by my mouth.

ARISTIPPVS.

My Carisophus, you haue don god seruice, but what is the spesname.

CARISOPHVS.

**H**e is called Damon, borne in Crece, from whence latly he came.

ARISTIPPVS.

**B**y my trouth, I wyll goe see him, and speake with him to if I may.

CARISOPHVS.

**D**o so I pray you, but yet by the way:

As occasion serueth, commende my seruice to the Kinge.

ARISTIPPVS.

**D**icum sapienti sat est: friend Carisophus, shal I forget that thinge;  
No, I warrant you, though I say little to your face,

I wyll:



## The Tragical Commedie

I will lay one month for you to Dionisus when I am in place:  
If I speake one word for such a knave, hang me.

EXIT.

CARISOPHVS.

Our fine Phylosopher, our timme learned else,  
Is gone to see as false a Spie as himselfe:  
Damon smatters as well as he of craftie Phylosophie,  
And can tourne Cat in the panne very pretily:  
But Carisophus hath geuen him suche a mightie checke,  
As I thinke in the ende will breake his necke:  
What care I for that, why would he then pise,  
And learne the secret estate of our countrey and citie?  
He is but a stranger, by his fall let others be wise,  
I care not who fall, so that I may rise:  
As for fine Aristippus, I will keepe in with hym,  
He is a shewde stole to deale withall, he can swym:  
And yet by my trouth, to speake my conscience playnlie,  
I will vse his friendship to myne owne commoditie:  
While Dionisus saoureth him, Aristippus shal be mine,  
But if the kynge once frowne on him, then good night Tomaline:  
He shal be as straunge, as though he I neuer sawe hym befoze,  
But I tarie too longe, I will prate no moze:  
Jacke, come awayne.

IACKE.

At hande syz.

CARISOPHVS.

At Damons lodgyng if that you se,  
Any kurre to arise, be still at hand by me,  
Rather then I will lose the spoyle, I will blade it out.

\* Here entreth PITHIAS and STEPHANO.

What straunge Jewes are these, ah my Stephano:  
Is my Damon in Byson, as the voyce doth go:

STEPHANO.

It is true, oh cruell happe, he is taken for a Spie,  
And as they say, by Dionisus owne mouth condemned to die.

PITHIAS.

To die: alas for what cause?

STEPHANO.

A Sicophant falsely accused hym: other cause there is none,  
That oh Iupiter, of all wronges the Reuenger,  
See thou this vniustice, and wilt thou stae any longer  
From heauen to sende downe, thy hote consuming fire:  
To destroy the workers of wronge, whiche prouoke thy iust ire?

Alas







## OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

Alas maister Pithias, what shall we do?  
Being in a strange countrey, vnder of friendes & acquaintance so  
Abhorre Stephano, hast thou liued to see this daye?  
To see thy true Mayster vniuersally made away?

PITHIAS.

Stephano, saying the matter is come to this extremitie,  
Let vs make Vertue our friend, of meane necessitye:  
Kunne thou to the Court and vnderstand secretly,  
As muche as thou canst of Damons cause, and I  
Will make some meanes to entreate Aristippus:  
We can do much as I heare with kyng Dionisius.

STEPHANO.

I am gone sir: ah, I would to God, my trauaile and payne  
Might restore my Mayster to his libertie agayne.

PITHIAS.

Ah wofull Pithias, sithe now I am alone,  
What way shall I first beginne to make my moneye?  
What wordes shall I finde apt for my complaynte,  
Damon my friend, my loy, my life is in peril, of force I must now faile  
But oh Musicke, as in ioyfull tunes, thy mery notes I did heare,  
So now lend mee thy pynfull tunes, to utter my sorrow.

Here PITHIAS singes, and the Regalles play.



Make ye wofull nightes,

That longe haue wept in wo:

Resigne to me your plaintes and teares,  
my haplesse hap to wo:

My wo no tongue can tell,  
ne Pen can well descrite:

O. what a death is this to heare,

DAMON my frende must die.

The losse of worldly wealth,

mannes wisdom may restore,

And Musicke hath provided too,

a Salue for euery soze:

But my true frende once lost,

no Arte can well supplie:

Then, what a death is this to heare?

DAMON my friend must die.

D. 1.

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## The Tragittall Commedie

**I** My mouth refuse the foode,  
that should my limmes sustayne:  
Let sorrow stike in to my brest,  
and ransacke every bayne:  
You furies all at once.

on me your tormentes rise:

Why Would I liue, since that I heare?

Damon my friend should die:

**G**ripe me you greedy greeks,  
and present pangues of death,  
You Sytters three, with cruell handes,  
with speed now stop my breath:

Shrine me in clay a liue,  
some good man stop mine eye:

O death com now, seeing I heare,

Damon my friend must die.

**H**e speaketh this after the songe.

In vaine I call for Death, whiche heareth not my complaint,  
But what wisdom is this, in such extremitie to taint?

*Malum iuuu in re mala animas bonus.*

I wyll to the Courte my selfe to make friendes, and that presently,

I wyll neuer forsake my friende in time of miserie:

But do I see Stephano amazed hether to runne?

**H**ere entreteth S.TEPHANO.

**P**ithias, Pithias, we are all vndone,

Mine owne eares haue sucked in mine owne sorrow:

I heard Dionisius sweare, that Damon should die to morow.

**P**ITHIAS.

**H**ow comest thou so neare the presence of the kyng,  
That thou mightest heare Dionisius speake this thyngs.

**S**TEPHANO.

**B**y friendship I gate into the Courte, where in great Audlence,  
I heard Dionisius with his owne mouth geue this cruell sentence.

By these expresse wordes: that Damon the Greke that crastie spie,  
Without farther Iudgement, to morow should die:

Beloue me Pithias, with these eares I heard it my selfe.

**P**ITHIAS.

**W**hen how neare is my death al so, ah woe is me.

*Ab my*







## OF DAMON AND PITHIAS

Oh my Damon, another my selfe: shall I forgo thee?

STEPHANO.

That there is no tyme of lamentyng now, it behoueth vs,  
To make meanes to them which can do much with Dionisius:  
That he be not made awaie ere his cause be fully heard, for we see  
By euill reporte, thynges be made to Princes far worse then they be,  
But lo, ponder cometh Aristippus, in great fanour to kyng Dionisius  
Encrate hym to speake a good worde to the kyng for vs:  
And in the meane season, I wyll to your lodgyng, to see all thyngs safe

PITHIAS.

EXIT.

(there.

That that I agree but let vs slip aside his talke to heare.

Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

Here is a sodayne chaunge in dede, a strange Metamorphosis,  
This Courte is cleane altered, who would haue thought this:  
Dionisius of late so pleasant and mery,  
Is quite changed now into sache melancoly:  
That nothyng can please hym, he walked by and downe,  
Fretting and chafyng, on euerie man he doth frowne:  
In so much that when I in pleasant wordes began to play,  
So sternly he frowned on me, and knitt me by the throat,  
I perceyue it is no safe playng with Lyons, but when it please them,  
If you claw where it itches not, you shall discomfite them:  
And so perhaps get a clasp, myne olde pouse taught me this,  
That it is very good to be mery and wise:  
The onely cause of this hurly burly, is Carisophus that wicked man,  
Whiche lately toke Damon for a Spie, a poore Gentleman:  
And hath incensed the kyng against him so despightfully,  
That Dionisius hath iudged him to morow to die:  
I haue talkt with Damon, whom though in words I found very witt, so  
Yet was he more curious then wise in viewyng this Citie:  
But truly for ought I can learne, there is no cause why  
So sodenly and cruelly, he should be condemned to die:  
How so euer it be, this is the short and longe,  
I dare not gainsay the kyng, be it right or wrong:  
I am sorry, and that is all I may or can do in this case,  
I sought anayleth perswasion, where forwarde opinion taketh place

PITHIAS.

Sir, if humble suites you would not despise,  
Then be woe on me your pittifull eyes:  
My name is Pithias, in Greece well knowne,  
A perfect friend to that most ill Damon,  
Whiche now a poore captiue in this Courte doth lie,

By the

D.V.

By the

## The Tragical Commedie

By the kinges sworne mouth as I here, condemned to die  
For to whom I craue your masterships goodnesse,  
To stand his friend in this his great distresse:  
Naught hath he done worthy of Death, but very fondly,  
Being a stranger, he bewed this Citty,  
For no euill practises, but to seede his eyes,  
But seeing Dionisius is informed otherwise,  
My sute is to you, when you see time and place,  
To asswage the kinges anger, and to purchase his grace,  
In which doing, you shall not do good to one onely,  
But you shall further too, and that fully.

ARISTIPPVS.

My friend, in this case I can do you no pleasure.

PITHIAS.

Why, you serue in the Court as Fame doth tell.

ARISTIPPVS.

I am of the Court in dede, but none of the Counsell.

PITHIAS.

As I heare, none is in greater fauour with the Kinge then you at  
ARISTIPPVS. (this day,

The more in fauour, the lesse I dare say.

PITHIAS.

It is a Courtiers prayse to helpe strangers in miserie.

ARISTIPPVS.

To helpe an other and hurte my selfe, it is an euill point of courtellesse.

PITHIAS.

You shall not hurt your selfe to sweake for the innocent.

ARISTIPPVS.

He is not innocent, whom the kinge iudgeth nocent.

PITHIAS.

Why Sir: do you thinke this matter passe all remedie

ARISTIPPVS.

So fare pass that Dionisius hath sworne Damon to me; so shall dis

PITHIAS.

This word my trembling heart cutteth in two,

Oh Sir, in this wofull case, what wilt you best to do.

ARISTIPPVS.

Best to content your selfe, when there is no remedie;

He is well relined that for knoweth his miserie,

Yet if any comfort be, it resteth in Cebulus,

The chiefest counsellour about kinge Dionisius:

Which pittiech Damons case in this great extremitie,

Perswading







## Of DAMON AND PITHIAS.

Perswadyng the kynge from all kynde of crueltie.

PITHIAS.

**T**he mightie Gods preferre you for this worde of comforte,  
Takyng my leaue of your goodnesse, I wyll now resorte,  
To Cubulus that god Counseller:  
But harken, methynke I heare a Trompet blow.

ARISTIPPVS.

**T**he kyng is at hand, stande close in the prease, beware: if he knowe  
you are friend to Damon, he wyll take you for a spie also:  
Farewell I dare not be seene with you.

**T**here entreth kyng DYONYSIVS, EVBVLVS the Counseller,  
and GRONOO the Hangman.

DYONYSIVS.

**G**rono, do my commaundement, strike off Damons Irons by & by,  
Then byng as he sitteth, I myselfe will see him executed presently.

GRONOO.

**O** mightie King, your commaundement wyll I do speedely.

DIONYS.

**C**ubulus: thou hast talked in vaine, for sure he shall die.  
Shall I suffer my life to stande in peryll of euerie spie?

EVBVLVS.

**T**hat he conspired against your person, his Accuser can not say,  
He onely biewed your Title, and wyll you so that make hym away.

DYONYS.

**W**hat he would haue done, the geste is great, he minded me to hurt  
That came so slyly to serch out the secret estate of my Courte:  
Shall I still lyue in feare? no, no: I wyll cut off suche fymes betime,  
Least that to my further daunger, to hie they clyme.

EVBVLVS.

**B**ut haue the mightie Goddes, immortall Fame assigned,  
To all worldly Princes, whiche in mercede be inclined.

DYONYSIVS.

**L**et Fame talke what she lyst, so I may lyue in safetie.

EVBVLVS.

**T**he onely meane to that, is to vse mercede.

DYONYS.

**A** milde Prince the people despiseth.

EVBVLVS.

**A** cruell kyng the people hateth.

DYONYSIVS.

**L**et them hate me, so they feare me.

EVBVLVS.

**T**hat is not the way to lyue in safetie.

Wlony



## The Tragical Commedie

DYONYSIVS.

**C** My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse.

EVBVLVS.

**C** That is sooner procured by mercy and gentilnesse.

DYONYS.

**C** Dionisius ought to be feared.

EVBVLVS.

**C** Better for him to be well beloued.

DYONYSIVS.

**C** Fortune maketh all things subject to my power.

EVBVLVS.

**C** Beleue her not she is a light Goddess, she can laugh & to we:

DIONYS.

**C** A kinges prayse standeth in the reuenging of his enemye

EVBVLVS.

**C** A greater prayse to winne him by clemencie.

DYONYS.

**C** To suffer the wicked line, it is no mercie.

EVBVLVS.

**C** To kill the innocent, it is great crueltie,

DYONISYVS.

**C** Is Damon innocent, which so craftely vndermined Carisophus,  
He had rid what he could of kinge Dionisius:

Which surauered the Hauens and eche Bulwarcke in the Citie,  
Where battaile might be layde, what way best to approche, shall I  
Suffer such a one to liue, that worketh me such dispire?

No, he shall die, then I am safe, a dead dogge can not bite.

EVBVLVS.

**C** But yet, O mightie, my duffe bindeth me,  
To geue such counsell as with your honour may best agree,  
The strongest pillars of princely dignitie,

I finde this iustice, with mercy and prudent liberalitie,

The one iudgeth all things by vpriht equitie,

The other rewardeth the worthy, sipping eche extremitie:

As to spare those, which offend maliciously,

It may be called no iustice, but extreme iniurie:

So vpon suspicion, of each thinges not well proued,

To put to death presently, whom enuious flattery accused,

It seemeth of tyranny, and vpon what sickle ground al tyrants doe stand

Athenes and Lacedaemon, can teache you yf it be rightly scande:

And not only these Citizens, but who curiously sekes,

The whole Historie of all the world, not only of Romaines & Grekes,

shall







## OF DAMON and PITHIAS.

Shall well perceiue of all Tirantes the ruinous fall,  
 Their state vncertaine, beloued of none, but hated of all:  
 Of mercifull Princes to set oute the passing felicitie  
 I neede not: ynough of that, euen these dayes do testifie:  
 They liue deuoid of feare, their sleepes are sound, they dread no enemye  
 They are feared and loued, and why? they rule with Justice & mercie;  
 Extending Justice to such, as wickedly from Justice haue swarued,  
 Mercie vnto those, where opinion, simplicitie haue mercie deserued:  
 Of libertie nought I say, but onely this thyng,  
 Libertie vpholdeth the state of a kyng:  
 Whose large bountifullnesse ought to fall to this issue,  
 To rewarde none, but suche as deserue it for vertue:  
 Whiche mercifull Justice, if you would follow, & prouident libertie;  
 Neither the Caterpillers of all Courtes, Et fruges consumere nati.  
 Parasites with wealth past vp, should not looke so hie,  
 Nor yet for this simple sake, poore Damon should die.

### DIONYSVS.

With payne mine eares haue heard this bayne talke of mercie,  
 I tell thee, feare and terrour, defendeth kynges onely:  
 Till he be gone whome I suspect, how shall I lyue quietly:  
 Whose memorie w<sup>th</sup> chilling horror, fills my breast day & night violently  
 My dreadfull dreames of him, bereaues my rest: On bed I lie  
 Shakyng and trembling, as one ready to yelde his throat to Damons  
 This quakyng dread, nothyng but Damons bloud can stay, (swa, o,  
 Better he die, then I to be tormented with feare alway:  
 He shall die, though Cebalus consent not thereto,  
 It is lawfull for kynges as they list all thynges to do.

Here GRONOO bringeth in DAMON: and  
 PITHIAS meeteth him by the way,  
 PITHIAS.

Oh my Damon.

DAMON.

Oh my Pithias, sayng Death must parte vs, farewell for euer.

PITHIAS.

Oh Damon, oh my sweete friende.

SNAP.

Away from the Prisoner, what a ptease haue we here.

GRONOO.

As you commaunded, O mighty Kinge, we haue brought Damon

DIONYS.

Then go to; make ready I will not stirre out of this place,  
 Till I see his head stricken off besyde my face.

GRONOO

## The Tragicall Commedie

GRONOO.

It shalbe done fir: Because your eyes haue made suche a do,  
I wyl knock down this your Lantern, & shut vp your chep window th.

DAMON.

O mightie king, where as no tructh, my innocent lyfe can saue,  
But that so greedily you thrust, my guiltlesse blood to haue:  
Albeit, (euen soz thought) soz ought against your person:  
Yet now I plead not soz lyfe, ne wyl I craue your pardon:  
But seying in Greece my Countrey, where well I am knowne,  
I haue worldly thinges, fit soz mine Alliance when I am gone,  
To dispose them e2 I die, if I might obtaine leasure,  
I would account it (O kyng) soz a passyng great pleasure:  
Not to p2olonge my lyfe ther by, soz whiche I relien not this,  
But to set my thynges in a flap: and surely I wyl not misse,  
Upon the faith which all gentylmen ought to embrace,  
To returne agayne at your time to appoynte, to yeld my body here in  
Graunt me (O Kinge) such time to dispatch this iniurie, (this place:  
And I wyl not fayle, when you appointed, euen here my lyfe to pay.

DIONISVS.

A pleasant request, as though I could trust him absent,  
Whom in no wise I can not trust beinge present:  
And yet though I sweare the contrarie, is that I require,  
Geeue me a pledge for thy returne, and haue thine owne desire:  
He is as nere now as he was befoze.

DAMON.

There is no surr nor greater pledge, then the faith of a Gentleman

DIONYS.

It was wout to be, but otherwise now the world doth stande,  
Therefore do as I say, els presently yeld thy necke to the sword,  
If I might with mine honour I would recall my wo2de.

PITHIAS.

Stand to your wo2de, O Kinge, soz Kinges ought nothing say,  
But that they would perfoyme, in perfect deeds alway:  
A pledge you did require, when Damon his sute did meue,  
For which, with heart and stretched handes, most humble thankses I  
And that you may not say, but Damon hath a frinde, (gene,  
That loues him better then his owne life, and will do to his ende:  
Take me, Oh mightie Kinge, my lyfe I palvne soz his,  
Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day to misse.

DIONYS.

What art thou, that chargest me with my wo2de so boldly here:

PITHIAS.

I am







## OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

I am Pithias, a Greeke bozne, whiche hold Damon my friend full  
DIONIS.

To dere perhaps, to hazard thy life for him, what fondnes moust thou  
PITHIAS.

No fondnesse at all, but perfect amittie.

DIONISIVS.

A mad-kind of amittie: aduise thy self well, if Damon sayle at his day  
Which shalbe inally appinted, wilt thou die for him, to mee his lyfe to

PITHIAS.

Most wyllyngly, O mightie kyng: if Damon sayle, let Pithias die.

DIONYSIVS.

Thou seemest to trust his wordes, that pawns thy lyfe so franchly.

PITHIAS.

What Damon saith, Pithias beleeueth assuredly.

DYONYSIVS.

Take heede for lyfe, worldly men breake promise in many thinges.

PITHIAS.

Though worldly men do so, it neuer happes amongst friends.

DIONISIVS.

What callest thou friends, are they not men: is not this true?

PITHIAS.

Yea they be, but such men as loue one another onely for vertue.

DIONISIVS.

For what vertue, dost thou loue this sple, this Damon.

PITHIAS.

For that vertue, which yet to you is unknowne.

DYONYSIVS.

Cubulus, what shall I do: I would dispatch this Damon sayne,  
But this foolish fellow so chargeth mee, that I may not call backe my

EVBUVS.

(worde agayne.

The reuerent maiestie of a King, stands chiefly in keeping his promise  
What you haue sayde, this whole Courte beareth witnesse:

Save your honour what so euer you do.

DYONYSIVS.

For saueing mine honour, I must forbear my wyl, go to,  
Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee:  
For two monthes he is thine, unbinde him, I set him free,  
Which time once expired, if he appeare not the next day by none,  
Without further delay, thou shalt lose thy lyfe, and that full sone.  
Whether he die by the way, or lie sicke in his bed,  
If he retourne not then, thou shalt either hange or lose thy head.

E.J.

PITHIAS.

## The Tragical Commedie

PITHIAS.

For this I mightie kinde, I yeld immortall thanks, O ioyfull day.

DYONYSIUS.

Gronno, take him to thee, bind him, see him kept in safetie.

If he escape assure thy selfe, for him thou shalt die,

Cubulus, let vs departe, to talke of this straunge thinge with in,

EVBUVS,

Followe.

EXIT.

GRONNO:

Damon, thou seruest the Gods well to day, be thou of comfort,

As for you Sir, I thinke you wyll be hanged in spoote,

When heard what the Kinge sayde: I must kepe you safely,

By cocke so I wyll, you shall rather hange then I:

Come on your way,

PITHIAS.

My Damon, farewell, the Gods haue thee in keepinge.

DAMON.

O my Pithias, my Pleadge farewell, I parte from thee weeping

But ioyfull at my day appoynted I wyll retourn agayne,

When I wyll deliuer thee from all trouble and paine:

Stephano wyll I leaue behinde me to waite vpon thee in prison alone,

And I whom fortune hath reserued to this miserie, wyll walke home,

Ad my Pithias, my Pleadge, my life, my friend, farewell.

PITHIAS.

Farewell my Damon.

DAMON.

Loth I am to departe, sith sobbes my trembling tounge doth say,

O Musicke, sounde my dolefull playntes when I am gone my way.

GRONNO.

I am glad he is gone, I had almost I wept to, come Pithias

So God helpe me, I am sorry for thy foolish case,

Wilt thou venter thy life for a man, so fondly?

PITHIAS.

It is no venter, my friende is iust, for whom I desire to die.

GRONNO.

Here is a mad man I tell thee, I haue a wyfe whom I loue well,

And if she would die for her, should I weare in Hell:

Wylt thou doe more for a man, then I would for a woman?

PITHIAS.

yea, that I wyll

GRONNO.

Then come on your wayes, you must to prison in haste,

I feare you wyll repent this folly at laste.

PITHIAS.







# OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

PITHIAS.

That shalt thou neuer see: but oh Musick as my Damon requested thee  
Sounded out thy dolefull tunes, in this time of calamitie. EXIT

Here the Regalles play a mourning song, and Damon  
commeth in, in Prisoners apparell, and Stephano with  
him.

Weepe no more Stephano, this is but destinie,  
Had not this hapt, yet I know I am bozne to die:  
Where or in what place, the Gods know alone,  
To whose iudgement my selfe I commit, therfore leaue of thy mone,  
And wayte vpon Pithias in Prison, till I retourne agayne,  
In whom my toy, my care and lyfe doth only remayne.

STEPHANO.

Oh my deare Master, let me go with you, for my poore companie,  
Shalbe some small comfort in this time of miserie.

DAMON.

Oh Stephano, hast thou ben so longe with me,  
And yet doest not know the force of true amitie:  
I tel thee once agayne, my friend and I are but one,  
Waite vpon Pithias, and thinke thou art with Damon.  
Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away,  
The sooner I am gone, the shorter shalbe my iournay:  
Therefore farewell Stephano, commend me to my friende Pithias  
Whom I trust to deliuer in time out of this wofull case.

STEPHANO.

Farewell my deare Master, since your pleasure is so,  
Oh cruell happe, oh poore Stephano:  
Cursed Carisophus, that first moued this Tragidie,  
But what a noyes is this: Is all well within trowre?  
I feare all be not well within, I wyll go see:  
Come out you Mesell, are you seekinge Eggs in Damons chesse.  
Come out I say, wylt thou be packing: by cocke you weare best.

GARISOPH.

How durst thou villaine to lay handes on me:

STEPHANO.

Durst thou knowe or I wyll sende thee,  
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully,  
But wilt thou robbe him also, and that openly?

CARISOPH.

The Kinge gaue me the spoyle, to take myne owne willt thou let

STEPHANO.

Thine owne villaine: Where is thine authoritie?

C. J.

CARISOPH.





**The Tragycall Commedie**

**CARYSOPHVS.**

I am authoritie of my selfe, doest thou not know?

**STEPHANO.**

Bye, ladie, that is somewhat, but haue you no more to shew?

**CARYSOPHVS.**

What if I haue not?

**STEPHANO.**

Then for an earnest pence, take this blow.

I shall humbly you, you mocking knave, schill put pzo in my purse for

**CARYSOPH.**

(this time.

Iacke geue me my sword and targat.

**IACKE.**

I can not com to you master, this knave both me let. Hold master,

**STEPHANO.**

Away Iacke napes, els I wyll colphog you by and by,

We haue I wyll haue my pennyworthes of thee, therefore if I die,

Aboute villayne.

**CARYSOPH.**

O Citizens, helpe to defend me.

**STEPHANO.**

Pay, they wyll rather helpe to hange thee.

**CARISOPH.**

God felow, let vs reason this matter quietly, beat me n o more.

**STEPHANO.**

Of this condition I wyll say, yf thou sweare as thou art an honest man.

Thou wyll say nothyng to the kinge of this when I am gonne.

**CARISOPH.**

I wyll say nothyng, here is my hand, as I am an honest man.

**STEPHANO.**

Then say on thy minde: I haue taken a wife othe on him, haue I not

To trust such a falie knave vpon his honestie,

(trow pee

As he is an honest man (quoth you) he may bewray all to the kinge.

And bryke his oth for this neuer a whit, but my franton I tell you this

If you disclose this, I wyll deuyse such a way,

(one thing

That whilst thou liuest thou shalt remember this day.

**CARYSOPH.**

You neede not denie for that, for this day is printed in my memory.

I warrant you, I shall remember this beating till I die:

But seeing of courtesie you haue granted that we should talke quietly,

We thinke, in calling me knave, you do me muche iniurie.

**STEPHANO.**

Why so? I pray thee hartely:

**CARYSOPH.**







## OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

CARYSOPHVS.

Because I am the Kinges man, kēpes the kinge any knaues?

STEPHANO.

He should not, but what he doth it is euident by thē:

And as farre as I can learne or vnderstand,

There is none better able to kēpe knaues in all the land.

CARISOPHVS.

Oh sir, I am a Courtier, when Courtiers shall heare tell,  
How you haue bled me, they will not take it well.

STEPHANO.

Pay, all right courtiers will kenne me thanke, and wot ye whye?

We cause I handled a counterfait Courtier in his kinde so finely,

What say: all are not Courtiers that haue a counterfait show,

In a trope of honest men, some knaues may stand ye know:

Such as by stelth creep in, vnder the colour of honestie,

Which sorte vnder that cloke, do all kind of villanie:

A right courtier is vertuous, gentill, and full of bybanittie,

Hurting no man, good to all, deuoid of all villanie:

But such as thou art, fountaines of squittillie, & dayne delighes,

Though you hange by the coortes, you are but flatering Parasites,

As well deseruing the right name of courtesse,

As the colward knight, the true praise of cheualrie:

I could say more, but I wyll not, for that I am your well wisher,

In faith Carisophus, you are no Courtier but a catterpillar,

A Sicophant, a Parasite, a flatterer, and a knaue:

Whether I wyll or no, these names you must haue:

How well you deserue this, by your deedes it is knowne,

For that so vniustly thou hast accused poore Damon,

Whose wofull case the Gods helpe alone.

CARYSOPH.

Say, are you his seruant that you pistle his case so?

STEPHANO.

No hum troth, good man Grumbe, his name is Stephano:

I am called Dnaphets, if needes you wyll know,

The knane beginneth to list me, but I turne my name in & out,

Cretiso cum cretense, to make him a loute.

CARYSOPH.

What mumble you with your selfe? After Dnaphets.

STEPHANO.

I am reckening with my selfe, how I may pay my debtes.

CARYSOPH.

You haue payde me more then you did owe me.

C. 14.

STEPHANO.

## The Tragicall Commedie

STEPHANO.

Pay, vpon a farther reckoning, I wyll pay you more if I know  
Either you talke of that is done, or by your Sycophanticall enuye,  
You picke forth Dionisius the soner, that Damon may die:  
I wyll so pay thee, that thy bones shall rattell in thy skinne,  
Remember what I haue sayde, Onaphets is my name.

EXIT

CARYSOPH.

The sturdie knaue is gone, the Deuyll him take,  
He hath made my head, shoulders, armes, sides, and all to ake:  
Thou horseon villaine boy, why didst thou waite no better?  
As he payde mee, so wyll I not die thy debter.

IACKE.

Maister, why do you fight with me? I am not your match you see,  
You durst not fight w him y is gone, & wyll you weake your anger on  
mee

CARYSOPHVS.

Thou villaine, by thee I haue lost mine honour,  
Betten with a codgell like a blaue, a Haraboun, or a lasse Lubber,  
And not geuen one blow agayne, hast thou handled me well?

IACKE.

Maister I handled you not, but who did handle you very handsomly  
(you can tell.

CARYSOPHVS.

Handsomly thou crake rope.

IACKE.

Pea sir, very handsomly, I holde you a grote,  
He handled you so handsomly, that he left not one mote in your cose.

CARISOPH.

O I had firckt him retnly thou villaine, if thou hadst geuen mee my  
(Sword.

IACKE.

It is better as it is, Maister beleue me at a worde:  
If he had sene your weapon, he would haue ben fierfer,  
And so perhaps beate you worse, I speake it with my harte,  
You were neuer yet at the dealing of sence blowes, but you had soure  
It is but your lucke, you are man good enough, (alway for your part  
But the Meache Onaphets, was a vengeaunce knaue and rough,  
Maister you were best go home and reste in your bedde,  
He thinks your rappe wareth to little for your heade.

CARISOPH.

What: both my head swell:

IACKE.

Pea as bigge as a Codshed, and blades to.

CARYSOPH.

I am ashamed to shew my face with this heu.

IACKE.









## OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

IACKE.

No shame at all, men haue bin beaten farre better then you,

CARISOPHVS.

I muste go to the Chirurgeians, what shall I say when I am a dyesyng?

IACKE.

You may say truly, you met with a braues blessing. EXEVNT.

¶ Here entreth ARISTIPPVS.

¶ By mine owne experience, I proue true that many men tell,  
To liue in Courte not beloued, better be in Hell:  
What cryng out: what cryng is there within of Carisophus,  
Because he accused Damon to Kinge Dionisius:  
Euen now, he came whining & cryng into the Courte for the nonce,  
She winge that one Onaphets had broke his knaues sconce:  
Which straunge name when they heard, enery man laught hartely,  
And I by my selfe scand his name secretly,  
For well I knewe it was some madheaded chylde  
That inuented this name, that the logheaded knaue might be begildet:  
In tossing it often with my selfe to and fro,  
I found out that Onaphets, backward spelled Stephano:  
I smiled in my slewe, how to see by tournyng his name, he dyest him,  
And how for Damo his Masters sake, w<sup>th</sup> a wooden congeill he blest him:  
None pittied y<sup>e</sup> knaue, no man nor woman, but all laught him to scoone:  
To be thus hated of all better vnbayne:  
Farre better Aristippus hath prouided I trowe,  
For in all the Courte, I am beloued both of hie and lowe:  
I offende none, in so muche that women singe this to my great prayse,  
Omnis Aristippum docuit colore, & locis & res.  
But in all this toplotie, one thinge maseeth me,  
The straungest thinge that euer was harde or knowne:  
Is now happened in this Court by that Damon:  
Whom Carisophus accused, Damon is now at libertie,  
For whos returne Pithias his friend lieth in prisō, alas in great seopards  
To morow is y<sup>e</sup> day, which day by none if Damon return not, earnestly  
The kinge hath sworne that Pithias should die,  
Wherof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,  
Wishing that Damon may not returne, tyll he haue payde  
His life for his friend: hath it ben heare to fore euer sayde,  
That any man for his friend would die so willingly:  
O noble friendship, O perfect amitie,  
Thy force is heare seene, and that very perfectlie:  
The kinge him selfe maseeth here at, yet is he farre out of square,  
That he trusteth none, to come nere him not his owne doughters will  
he haue.

¶ Enterch.



## The Tragicall Commedie

Unsercht to enter his chamber, which he hath made barbars his beard  
 Not with Knife or Rasour, for all edge toles he seares, (to haue:  
 But with hote burning Butshales, they sence of his heares.  
 Was there euer man that liued in such miserie?

Well, I wyll go in with a beaue and penstue hart too,  
 To think how Pithias this poore gentleman to morrow shal die **EXIT**

**Here entreteth IACKE and VVYLL.**

**I** Wyll, by my honesty, I wyll marre your monckes face if you so  
 VVYLL. (fondly prate

**I** Jacke, by my troth, seeing you are without the Courte gate,  
 If you play Jacke napes, in mocking my master, and dispising my face,  
 Euen here with a Pantacle, I wyll you disgrace:  
 And though you haue a farre better face then I,  
 Yet, who is better man of vs two, these fittes shall trie,  
 Unless you leaue your taunting.

**IACKE.**

**T**hou beganst first, didst thou not say euen nowe,  
 That Carisophus my Master was no man but a colwe,  
 In takinge so many blowes, and gaue neuer a blow agayne?

**VVYLL.**

**I** I sayde so in dede, he is but a tame Russian,  
 That can swere by his flaske & twiche bor & Gods precious lady:  
 And yet he will be beaten with a faggot stick:  
 These barking whelpes were neuer good biters,  
 He yet great crakers were euer great fighters:  
 But seeinge you eg mee so much I wyll somewhat more resist,  
 I say Carisophus thy master is a flattering Parasite:  
 Gleaning away the swat from the worthy in all the Courte,  
 What tragidie hath he moued of late? he deuell take him he doth much

**IACKE.**

(hurt.

**I** I pray you what is Aristippus thy master, is not he a Parasite to,  
 That with scoffing and iesting in the Court makes so much a do?

**VVYLL.**

**H**e is no Parasite, but a pleasant Gentlman, full of curtesie,  
 Thy master is a churlish loute the heyze of a downy fozke, as boyde of  
 As thou art of honour.. (honestie,

**IACKE.**

**I** Nay if you wyll needes be prating of my master Wyll,  
 In faith, I must coole you my frinds Dapper Wyll,  
 Take this at the beginning.

**VVYLL.**

**P**rayse well your winning, my Pantacle is as readie as yours.  
 Jacke.







## Of DAMON and PITHIAS

IACKE. By the Masse I wyll bore you.

VVYLL. By cocke I wyll Fore you

IACKE. Wyll, was I with you.

VVYLL. Iacke, did I slye?

IACKE. Alas pretie cockerell, you are to weake.

VVYLL. In faith Dutting Duttell, you wyll crye creake,

¶ Here entreth SNAP.

Alway you cracke ropes, are you fighting at the Courte gate?  
And I take you heare agayns, I wyll swindge you both, what? **EXIT**

IACKE.

I beshrew Snap the Tipstaffe that great knaues hart, y<sup>e</sup> better did.  
Had he not ben, you had cried ere this Victus, victa, victum, (comes  
But seing we haue breathed our selues, if ye list,  
Let vs agree like friends, and shake eche other by the fist.

VVYLL.

Content am I, for I am not malicious, but on this conditfon,  
That you talke no more so brode of my master as here you haue done,  
But who haue we here, is Cobex epi comming ponder.

IACKE. Wyll, let vs slyp aside and be we him well.

¶ Here entreth GRIMME the Coliar whistling.

What Deuell, tche weene y<sup>e</sup> Porters are drunke, will they not buy the (gate todaye  
Take in Coles for y<sup>e</sup> Kinges owne mouth, wyll no body stir I say?  
Ich might haue layne tway howers longer in my bedde,  
Cha taried so longe here, that my teeth chatter in my heade.

IACKE. Wyll, after our fallinge out, wilt thou laugh merily?

VVYLL. I mary Iacke, I pray the hartely.

IACKE.

Then solow me, and hemme in a worde now and then:  
What bzaulpnce knaue is there at the Courte gate so early?

VVYLL.

It is some bzainflicke Willaine, I durst lay a pennie.

IACKE.

It was you sir that cryed so loud, I trolo, I trolo,  
And bid vs take in Coles for the Kinges mouth, euen now.

GRIMME It was I indæde.

IACKE.

Why sir: how dare you speake such petle treason:  
Doth the Kinge eate Coles at any season?

GRIMME.



## The Tragicall Commedie

Here is a gape woꝝde, Wyꝝes now ſettes olde men to ſcole,  
 I ſayde well enough, what Iacke ſauce, thinkeſt cham a ſole &  
 At Bake houſe, Buttrie hatch, Kitchin, and Sellar,  
 Do they not ſay ſoꝝ the Kinges mouth?

VVYLL. What then god man Coliar?

GRIMME.

What then? ſeing wout coles theſe cannot finely dreſſe þ Kinges meat,  
 May I not ſay, take in coles ſoꝝ þ Kinges mouth, though coles he do not  
 IACKE. (eater)

James Chriſte, came euer from a Colier an auniſwere ſo trimme?  
 You are learned, are you not Father Grimme?

GRIMME.

Grimme is my name in deed, cham not learned, & yet þ Kinges colier  
 This doxtie win ter cha bin to the Kinge a ſerutier,  
 Though I be not learned, yet cha mother witte enough whole & ſome

VVYLL.

So it ſeemes, you haue ſo much mother wiſt, that you lacke your

GRIMME.

(fathers wiſdome,

Waſte, cham well be ſet: heres is a trimme caſt of Burlons.  
 What be you my pretie cockerels, that aſke me theſe queſtions.

IACKE.

God faith maſter Grimme, if ſuch Parlines on your pouch may light  
 Theſe are ſo quick of winge & quickly they can carie it out of your ſight.  
 And though we are cockerels now, we ſhall haue ſpurs one day,  
 And ſhall be able perhaps to make you a Capon:

What to tell you trouthe: we are the Porters men, which early & late,  
 Waite on ſuche Gentlemen as you to open the Courte gat &.

GRIMME. Are ye ſervants then?

VVYLL. Yea ſir, are we not pretie men?

GRIMME.

Pretie men (o you) nay, you are ſtronge men, els you couldnot beare  
 VVYLL. (theſe bitches.

Are theſe great hoſe? in faith godman Colier you ſee with your noſe  
 By myne honeſtie, I haue but ſoꝝ one lining in one hoſe, but by els of.

GRIMME.

(Kong.

That is but a little, yet it makes the ſeeme a great Bugge.

IACKE.

How ſay you godman Colier, can you finde any fault heres

GRIMME.

Nay you ſhould finde ſaught, mary heres trimme geare,  
 Alas little knaue, doeſt not ſweat, thou goeſt with great payne,  
 Theſe are no hoſe, but watter bougets, I tell the playne:







## Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

God so; none, but suche as haue no buttockes.

Dyd you euer see two suche little Robin ruddockes,  
So laden with braches: chill say no more, lest I offende;  
Who inuented these monsters first, did it to a godly ende:  
To haue a male, readie to put in other folkes stiffe,

Which see this euident by dayly p[ro]fesse:

One preached of late not farre hence, in no Pulpet, but in Waynes  
That spake enough of this, but so; my parte, (carte,  
Chill say no more, your owne necessitie,  
In the ende wylI force you to finde some remedy.

IACKE.

Wek, holde this raylynge knaue with a talke when I am gone,  
I wylI fetch him his filling ale so; his good sermone.

VVYLL.

Go thy way: father Grimme, gayly well you doe say,  
It is but youngmens folly that liste to playe:  
And make a whyle in the net of their owne deuise,  
When they come to pour age, they wylI be wyse.

GRIMME.

Wun troth, but few such royffers come to my yeares at this day;  
They be cut off be times, or they haue gone halfe their iourney:  
I wylI not tell why, let them gesse that can, I meane somewhat thereby

Enter IACKE. with a pot of wyne, and  
a cup to drinke on.

Father Grimme, because you are stirring so early,  
I haue brought you a boule of wyne to make you mery.

GRIMME.

Wyne, mary, that is welcome to Colliers, chylI swapt of by e by;  
Chwas stirring so early that my very soule is dype.

IACKE.

This is stoutely done wylI you haue it warmed father Grimme.

GRIMME.

No, it is warme enough: it is very lousious and trimme,  
His Gusselden ich wene, of fellowship let me haue an other spurt,  
Ich can drinke as easly now, as if I sate in my Hurte.

IACKE.

By cocke and you shall haue it, but I wylI begynne and that anon  
Rebit abow mon companion.

GRIMME.

Thar bolw pleadge pety Zalone,

IACKE.

Can you speake French: here is a trimme collier by this day.

F. 4.

GRIMME.

## The Tragical Commedie

GRIMME.

What man: ich learned this when ich was a Souldier,  
When ich was a lussy fellow, and could parke a whip trimly,  
Better then these boy Coliers that come to the Courte daily:  
When there were not so many captious fellows as now,  
That would toruppe men for enery trifell, I wot not how:  
As there was one Damon, not longe since, taken for a spie,  
Ho wittily I know not, but he was condemned to die.

VVYLL.

This Wine hath warmed him, this comes well to pas,  
We shall know all now, for in VINO VERITAS.  
Father Grimme, who accused this Damon to Kinge Dionisius?

GRIMME.

A benegaunce take him, it was a gentleman, one Paister Crolosphus.  
VVYLL.

Crolosphus, you clippe the Kinges language, you would haue said  
But I perceue now, either the winde is at the South, (Carisophus)  
Or els your tounge cleaueth to the rose of your mouth.

GRIMME.

A murian take this Wine, it so intercate my braine,  
That to be hanged by and by, I cannot speake plaine.

IACKE.

You speake knaughtly playne, seinge my master you do mocke,  
In faith ere you go, I wyll make you a lobbe cocke:  
Father Grimme, what say they of this Damon abode?

GRIMME

All men are forie for him, so helpe me God.  
They say a false knaue cused him to the King wrongfully,  
And he is gone, and should be here to morow to die,  
Or els his fellows which is in prison, his rowme shall supplie:  
Chil not be his halfe for boxie shillinges, I tell you playne,  
I thinke Damon be to wise to returne agayne.

VVYLL.

Wyll no man speake for them in this wofull case.

GRIMME.

No chill warrant you, one maister Stippus is in place,  
Where he may do good, but he frames him selfe so,  
Whatsoeuer Dionisius wylleth to that he wyll not say no:  
This a suttell Mor, he wyll not tread on thornes for none,  
A mery Harcroppe tis and a pleasant companion,  
A right courtier, and can prouide for one.

IACKE.

Wyll,







## OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

Appl, how lyke you this geare: your master Aristippus also;  
 At this Coliers hande hath had a bloe:  
 But in faith father Grimme cannot ye Coliers,  
 Proude for your selues far better then Courtiers.

GRIMME.

Nes I trow, blacke Coliers go in threade bare cotes,  
 Yet so prouide they, that they haue the faire white groates:  
 Ich may say in counsell, though all day I moyle in dourte,  
 Chill not change lines with any in Dionisius Courte:  
 For though their apparell be neuer so fine,  
 Yet sure their credit is farre worse then mine:  
 And by cocke I may say, for all their hie looks,  
 I know some stiches full deepe in Marchants bookes:  
 And deeper will fall in, as fame me telles,  
 As long as in trade of Honey, they take by Haukes hoods & Belles:  
 Wherby they fall into a swelling disease, which Coliers doe not know  
 Hath a mad name, it is called ich wæne, Centum pro cento.  
 Some other in Courtes, make others laugh merily,  
 When they wayle and lament their owne estate secretly:  
 Friendship is dead in Courte, Hypocrisie doth raigne,  
 Who is in fauour now, to morow is out agayne:  
 The state is so vncertaine, that I by my well,  
 Will neuer be courtier, but a Colier still.

VVYLL.

It seemeth that Coliers haue a very trim lyfe.

GRIMME.

Coliers get money still: Tell me of trouth,  
 Is not that a trim life now as the world goeth:  
 All day, though I toyle with mayne and might,  
 With mony in my pouche, I come home mery at night,  
 And sit downe in my chayre by my wyfe faire Alison,  
 And tourne a Crabbe in the fire, as mery as Pope John.

IACKE.

That Pope was a mery fellow, of whome folke talke so much.

GRIMME.

Had to be mery withal, had goulde enough in his hutch:

IACKE.

Can goulde make men mery: they say who can singe so mery a note,  
 As he that is not able to change a grote:

GRIMME.

Who singes in that case singes neuer in tune I know for my parte,  
 That a heauy pouch with goulde makes a light harte:

Of which

## The Tragical Commedie

At which I haue prouided for a deare yeare good Roze,  
And these Benter I trowe, shall anone get me moze.

VVYLL.

By leasing the Courte with coles you gaynde all this money.

GRIMME.

By the Court onely I assure ye.

IACKE.

After what sort I pray the tell me:

GRIMME.

May, ther hate me an ace (quod Boulon) I can weare a horne & blow it

IACKE. By lady the wiser man.

(not

GRIMME,

I shall I tell you by what nite I got all this money  
Then ich weare a noddie in dede: no, no, I warreant ye,  
Yet in few words I tell you this one thinge,  
He is a very soile that can not gayne by the kinge.

VVYLL.

Well sayde father Grimme, you are a willie Collier & a brane,  
I see now there is no knaue to the olde knaue.

GRIMME.

Suche knaues haue mony, when courtiers haue none,  
But tell me, is it true that a brode is blowne:

IACKE. What is that:

GRIMME.

Hath the kinge made those saye Damsels his daughters,  
To be come now sine and trimme Barberers.

IACKE. Yea truly to his owne person.

GRIMME.

God fellows beleue me, as the case now standes,  
I would geue one sacke of Coles, to be washt at their hands:  
If ich came so neare them, so, my wpt should not geue thre chippes,  
If ich could not steale one swap at their lippes.

IACKE.

Wyll, this knaue is drunke, let vs dzesse him,  
Let vs rissell him so that he haue not one pennie to blesse him,  
And steale away his Debenters too.

VVYLL.

Content inuent the waye, and I am ready.

IACKE. Faith, and I wyll make him a noddie:

Father Grimme, if you praise me well, I wyll wash you & shawe you to  
Euen after the same fashion as the Kinges daughters do:

In all poyntes as they handle Dionisius, I wyll dzesse you trim & fine

GRIMME







# OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

GRIMME

Childe bayne learne þ: come on then, chil geue thee a whol pint of wine  
At Lauerne for thy labour, when cha mony so; my Winters heare.

Here Wyl fetcheth a Barbers bason, a pot with water, a  
Raysour, and Clothes and a payze of Sps stacles.

IACKE.

Com mine owne Father Grimme, sit do wne.

GRIMME

Was to beginne withall, heare is a trimme chayre.

IACKE.

What man I wyl vse you like a pynce: Sir boy, setche me my gearre.

VYLL. Here sy.

IACKE. Holte vp father Grimme.

GRIMME. We seeme my head doth swimme.

IACKE.

My Costly perfumes make that, away with this Sir Boy: be quicke.

Aloose, aloose, how how pretie it is, is not here a good face?

A fine Dules eyes, a mouth lyke an Ouen,

Father you haue good Butter teeth, full sene,

You weare weaned, els you would haue ben a great Calse.

Oh trimme lippes to sweepe a Manger, here is a chinne,

As softe as the hose of an hoyle.

GRIMME.

Doth the Kinges daughters rubbe so harder.

IACKE.

Hold your head strait man, els all wyl be marde.

Wyl ladie, you are of a good complexion,

A right Croyden sanguine, besprew mee,

Would vp father Grimme, Wyl can you besmurre ye?

GRIMME

We thinke after a maruelous fashon you do besmurre me.

IACKE.

It is with VNGVENTVM of Dancus Pancus, that is very costly.

I geue not this washinge ball to euery body:

After you haue ben drest so finely at my hande.

You may kisse any Ladies lippes within this lande:

A, you are trimly washt, how say you, is not this trimme water?

GRIMME.

It may be holseme, but it is vengeannce sofer.

IACKE.

It seours the better, sy boy, geue me my raysour.

VYLL. Here at hand sy.

GRIMME



## The Tragical Commedie

GRIMME.

Gods aymes, tis a chopping knyfe, tis no Rapsour.

IACKE.

It is a Rapsour and that a very good one,  
It came lately from Palarrime, it coske mee .xx. crownes alone  
Pour eyes daffell after your washing, these spectacles put on:  
How beu this Rapsour, tell me, is it not a good one?

GRIMME.

They be gay Barnikels, yet I se neuer the better.

IACKE.

In déde, they be a young sight, and that is the matter,  
But I warrant you, this Rapsour is very easie.

GRIMME.

Go to then, since you begonne, do as please ye.

IACKE.

Holdes by rather Grimme.

GRIMME.

O your Rapsour doth hurt my lippe.

IACKE.

No, it serapeth of a pimpell, to ease you of the Pyppe,  
I haue done now, how say you: are you not well?

GRIMME.

Cham lighter then ich was, the truth to tell.

IACKE.

Will you singe after your shauinge?

GRIMME.

Was content, but chill be polde first or I singe.

IACKE.

Say that shall not néede, you are pould neare enough so; this time.

GRIMME.

Go to then lustyly, I wyll singe in my mans boyce,  
Chaue a troublinge base buffe.

IACKE.

You are like to beare the bobbe, so; we wyll gene it,  
Set out your buffyng base, and we wyll quiddell vpon it.

GRIMME singeth Buffe.

IACKE singes,

Lo nidden, and to nidden.

VVYLL singes.

To nidden, and tode tode do nidden,

Is not Grimme the Colter most finely Hauen.

GRIMME:







## OF DAMON and PITHIAS

GRIMME.

Why my fellowes toinke Iche am a colwe, that you make such toyng  
IACKE.

Say byz lady, you are no colw by your singing,  
Yet your wyfe tolde me you were an Ore.

GRIMME.

Did the sortis a pellen quene she is full of such mockes,  
But go to, let vs singe out our sorge merely.

The Songe at the flaying of the Colier.

IACKE.

Suche Barbers God lend you at all times of néde.

VVYLL.

That can dresse you finely, and make such quicke spæde,

IACKE.

Pour face like an Incozne, new shyneth so gay,

VVYLL.

That I with your postrels of soyce must nédes play,

With too nidden, and too nidden.

IACKE.

With too nidden, and tode tode do nidden,  
Is not Grimme the Colier most finely shauen.

VVYLL.

With shauing you shine lyke a pells of Porke:

IACKE.

Here is the trimmest Hogges flesh from London to Porke:

VVYLL.

It woulde be trimme Baken to hange by a while,

IACKE.

To play with this Hogline, of soyce I must smyle,  
With too nidden, and too nidden.

VVYLL. With too nidden, and tode &c.

GRIMME.

Pour shauing doth please me, I am now your debter.

VVYLL.

Pour wife now wyll kisse you, because you are sweaten:

GRIMME.

Peare would I be poled, as neare as cham shauen.

VVYLL.

Then out of your Jerkin nédes must you be shauen,  
With too nidden, and too nidden, &c.

GRIMME.

It is a trimme thinge to be waht in the Courte.

G. J.



## The Tragical Commedie

VVYLL.

Their handes are so fine that they neuer do hurte.

GRIMME.

Ipe thinke ich am lighter then euer ich was.

VVYLL.

Our shauinge in the Courte hath brought this to passe.

With too nidden, and too nidden.

IACKE.

With too nidden and toole toole do nidden.

Is not Grimme the Colier most finely shauen.

Finis.

GRIMME.

This is trimly done, now chill pitche my coles not farre hence,  
And then at the Tauerne chill bestowe whole tway pence.

IACKE.

Farewell cocke, before the Colier againe do vs sette,

Let vs into the Courte to parte the spoyle, Hare and Hare like, **EXIT**

VVYLL Away then.

There entreth GRIMME.

Out alas, where shall I make my money.

My Pouche, my Benters and all is gone,

Wher is that villayne that dyd me shau?

Whath robbed me alas of all that I haue.

There entreth SNAP.

Who crieth so at the Courte gate.

GRIMME.

I, the pore Colier, that was robbed of late.

SNAP Who robbed thee?

GRIMME.

Two of the Porters men that dyd shau me.

SNAP.

Why: the Porters men are no Barbers?

GRIMME.

A vengeance take them they are quicke caruers.

SNAP. What stature weare they of?

GRIMME.

As little dapper knaues as they trimly could scoffe.

SNAP.

They were Lackeyes, as neare as I can geite them.

GRIMME.

Such Lackies make me lacke an halter beswinge them.

Cham bdon they haue my Benters too.

SNAP.

Doct







OF DAMON and PITHIAS

Doeſt thou know them if thou ſeeſt them?

GRIMME.

Yea that I do.

SNAP.

Then come with me, we will finde them out and that quickly.

GRIMME.

I ſo loo maſt I ſuppoſe, they be in the Courte it is likely.

SNAP.

Then riſe no more, come away.

EXEVNT.

Here entreth Carisophus, and Ariſtippus.

If ever you will ſhew your friendſhip, now is the time,

Being the king is diſpleaſed with me, or my party without any crime.

ARISTIP.

It ſhould appeare it comes of ſome euell behauiour,  
That you ſo ſodenly are caſt out of fauour.

CARISOPH.

Nothing haue I done but this in talke I ouerthwarted Cebulus.  
When he lamented Pithias caſe to Kinge Dionisius,  
Which to morrow ſhall die, but ſo that falſe knaue Damon  
He hath left his friend in the byers and now is gone.  
He grew ſo hot in talke, that Cebulus proteſted playnely,  
Which held his eare open to paraſiticall flattery,  
And now in the Kinges eare like a bell he ringes,  
Crying that flatterers haue ben the deſtroyers of kinges:  
Which talke in Dionisius harte hath made ſo deepe impreſſion,  
That he truſteth me not as heretofore in no condition:  
And ſome wordes brake from him as though that hee,  
Began to ſuſpect my trouth and honeſtie:  
Which you of friendſhip I know will defend, how ſo euer the world  
My friend ſo, my honeſtie, will you not take an othe

ARISTIP.

To ſwear ſo your honeſtie, I ſhould loſe mine owne.

CARISOPH.

Should you ſo in oede? I would that were knowne,  
If your good friendſhip come thus to paſſe.

ARISTIP.

I ſell by the proverbe: Amicus Vſque ad auras.

CARISOPHVS.

Where can you be I ever loſt mine honeſtie.

ARISTIPPVS.

You neuer loſt it, ſo you neuer had it, as farre as I know.

CARISOPH.

G. g.

ſay you

**The Tragical Commedie**

**CARISOPHVS.**

Hay you so friend Aristippus whom I trust so well?

**ARISTIPPVS.**

Because you trust me, to you the truth I tell.

**CARISOPH.**

Wyll you not stretch one paynt : to bringe me in fauour agaynes?

**ARISTIP.**

I loue no stretching, so may I breede myne owne paynt.

**CARISOPH.**

A friende ought to thonne no paynt, to stand his friend in stead.

**ARISTIP.**

Where true friendship is, it is so in very dede.

**CARISOPH.**

Why sir: hath not the chaine of true friendship, linked vs two together?

**ARISTIP.**

The cheifest linke lacked therof, it must needs deserue.

**CARISOPH.**

What linke is that : saue would I know.

**ARISTIP.** Honesty.

**CARISOPH.**

Doth honesty knit the perfect knot in true friendship,

**ARISTIP.**

Yea truly, and that knot so knit wyll neuer slippe.

**CARISOPH.**

Belike then there is no frindship but betwene honest men.

**ARISTIP.**

Betwene the honest only, for Amicitia inter bonos: saith a learned man.

**CARISOPH.**

Yet euell men vse frindship in thinges vn honest, wher fancy doth serue.

**ARISTIP.**

That is no frindship, but a lewde likeing, it lastes but a while.

**CARISOPH.**

What is the perfect frindship among men that euer grew?

**ARISTIP.**

Where men loued one another, not for profit but for vertue.

**CARISOPH.**

Are such frindes both alike in loy and also in smarte?

**ARISTIP.**

They must needs, for in two bodies they haue but one harte.

**CARISOPH.**

Friend Aristippus, decaue me not with Sophistrie,

Is there no perfect frindship, but where is vertue and honesty?

**ARISTIP.**







# OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

## ARISTIPPVS

What a Deuell then ment Carisophus,  
 To toyne in frindship with fine Aristippus:  
 In whom is as much vertue, trueth and honestie,  
 As there are true fethers in the three Craines of the beetrise:  
 Yet these fethers haue the shadow of liuely feathers the truth o scan  
 But Carisophus, hath not the shadowe of an honest man,  
 To be playne, because I know thy villany:  
 In abusinge Dionisius, to many mens intury:  
 Under the cloke of frindship, I playd with his head,  
 And sought meanes how thou with thine owne fancy might belead:  
 My frindship thou soughtest for thine owne commoditie,  
 As worldly men doe by profite measuring amittie:  
 Which I perceauing, to the lyke my selfe I framed,  
 Wherein I know of the wise I shall not be blamed:  
 If you aske me Quare. I answer, Quia prudentis est multum dissimulare  
 To speake more playner, as the prouerbe doth go,  
 In faith Carisophus, Cum cretence cretiso:  
 Yet a perfect frinde I shew my selfe to thee in one thing,  
 I do not dessemble, now I say I wyll not speake for thee to the King,  
 Therefore sinke in thy sorrow. I do not deceaue thee,  
 A false knaue I found thee, a false knaue I leaue thee.

EXIT

## CARISOPHVS.

He is gone: Is this frindship to leaue his friend in the plaine fieldes?  
 Well I see now, I my selfe haue beguylde,  
 In matching with that false for in amittie:  
 Which hath me vsed to his owne commoditie.  
 Which seeing me in distresse, vntaunetly goes his wayes,  
 Doe this is the perfect frindship among men now a daies:  
 Which kinde of frindship toward him I vsed secretly:  
 And he with me the like, hath requested me craftly.  
 It is the Gods iudgement, I see it playnely,  
 For all the world may know, Incide in foueam quam feci.  
 Well I must content my selfe none other helpe I knowe:  
 Untill a merrier gale of winde may happe to blowe:

EXIT

## EVBLVS.

Who deals with Kinges in matters of great waight,  
 When forward wyll, doth beare the cheefest sway:  
 Must yeld of force, their neede no subtile feight:  
 As raynted speach the matter to conuay,  
 No prayer can moue, when kindled is the fre,  
 The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.

Exit



## The Tragicall Commedie

This thinge I proue in Pithias wofull case,  
 Whose hauny hap with reares I doe lament:  
 The day is come when he in Damons place,  
 Must lose his life the time is fully spent:  
 Nought can my wordes now with the thinge preuall,  
 Against the wind and striming streame I sayle:  
 For die thou must alas thou selfe Græke,  
 Ah Pithias, now come is thy dolefull houre:  
 A perfect friend none such a world to seeke.  
 Though bitter death shall geue thee sauce full sower:  
 Yet for thy faith enrold shall be thy name,  
 Among the Gods within the booke of fame:  
 Who knoweth his case, and wll not melt in teares  
 His gillies blood shall trickle downe anon.

¶ Then the Muses singe.

Alas what happe hast thou poore Pithias now to die,  
 Who worth the which man for his death hath geuen vs cause to crye.

EVBVLVS.

Me thinks I heare with yelow rented heares,  
 The Muses frame their notes my state to moene:  
 Among which sorte as one that moorneth with harte,  
 And dolefull tunes, my selfe wll heare a parte.

MVSES.

Who worth the man which for his death. &c.

EVBVLVS.

With yelow rented heares come on ye Muses nine,  
 I'll now my breast with heauy tunes, to me your plaints resign:  
 For Pithias I bewaile which presently must die,  
 Who worth the man which for his death hath geuen vs cause. &c.

MVSES.

Who worth the man which for his. &c.

EVBVLVS.

Was euer such a man that would die for his friend,  
 I think euen from the heavens a bove, the Gods did him downe send  
 To shew true friendshipps power, which sortt thee now to die,  
 Who worth the man which for thy death, &c.

MVSES.

Who worth the man, &c.

EVBVLVS.

What Tigras whelp was he, that Danton dyd accuse?  
 What faith hast thou, which for thy friend, thy death doth not refuse  
 To heauy happe hast thou to play this Tragick,

ACT

Who worth







## OF DAMON and PITHIAS.

Who worth the man which for thy death, &c.

MVSES.

Who worth the man, &c.

EVBLVS.

Thou young and worthy Græke, that thou wilt such perfect lone:  
The Gods receaue thy simple ghost, into the heauens aboue:  
Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye,  
Who worth the man which for his death, &c.

MVSES.

Who worth the man which for thy death,  
hath geuen vs cause to grie.

FIN IS.

EVBLVS.

**E**ternall be your fame ye Muses, for that in miserie:  
ye did vouchsafe to strayne your notes to walke:  
My harte is rent in two, with this miserable case,  
yet am I charged by Dionysius mouth, to se this place:  
At all poynts ready for the execution of Pithias.  
Pæde hath no law: wyl I or nill I, it must be done,  
But loe the bloody minister, is euen here at hande.  
Gronno, I came hether now to vnderstand,  
If all thinges are well appoynted for the execution of Pithias.  
The Kinge him selfe will se it done here in this place.

GRONNO.

Sir, all thinges are ready, here is the place, here is my hand, here is the  
Here lacketh non but Pithias, whose head at a word, (word)  
If he were present, I could finely strike of,  
You may reporte that all thinges are ready.

EVBLVS.

I go with an heauy harte to report it, ah woofull Pithias:  
Full neare now is thy miserie.

GRONNO.

I maruell very much, vnder what consilation,  
All hangmen are borne for they are hated of all, beloued of none:  
Which hatred is holmed by this poynt euidently,  
The Hangman alwayes dwelles in the vilest place of the Citie:  
That such sight should be, I know no cause why,  
Unlesse it be for this offices sake, which is cruell and bloody:  
Yet some men must do it to execute lawes:  
We thinke they hate me without any iust cause.

But I

## The Tragical Commedie

But I must looke to my toyle, Pithias must lose his head at one blow,  
 Els the Boyes wyll stone me to death in the street as I go:  
 But harken, the prisoner cometh, and the Kinge also,  
 I see there is no help, Pithias his life must so go.

¶ Here entrench Dionisius and Cubulus.

Bring forth Pithias that pleasant companion,  
 Which toke me at my worde and became pleadge for Damon;  
 It pricketh fast vpon none, I doe him no iniurie,  
 If now he lose his head so; so he requested me.  
 If Damon returne not, which now in Grace is full mery:  
 Therfore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by,  
 He thought belike, if Damon were out of the Citie,  
 I would not put him to death, for some foolish pitie:  
 But seeing it was his request, I wyll not be mockt he shall die,  
 Bring him forth.

¶ Here entrench Snap.

Geue place, let the prisoner come by, geue place.

DIONISIVS.

Holw say you sir? wher is Damon your trustie friend?  
 You haue playd a wise part I make God a vow,  
 You know what time a day it is, make you ready.

PITHIAS.

Most ready I am mightie king and most ready also,  
 For my true friende Damon this lyfe to so go,  
 Euen at your pleasure.

DIONISIVS.

A true friend, a false Traytor that so breaketh his oth,  
 Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be neuer so loth.

PITHIAS.

I am not loth to doe what so euer I sayde,  
 He at this present pinch of death am I dismayde:  
 The Gods now I know, haue heard my seruent prayer,  
 That they haue reserued me to this passynge great honour,  
 To die for my frind, whose faith, euen now, I do not mistruste:  
 My frinde Damon is no false traytour, he is true and iuste:  
 But sith he is no God but a man, he must doe as he may,  
 The winde may be contray, sickness may let him, or some misadventure  
 Which the eternall Gods tourne al to my glorie, (by the way,  
 That fame may resound how Pithias for Damon did die:  
 He breaketh no oth, which doth as much as he can,  
 His minde is heare, he hath some let, he is but a man.  
 That he might not retourne, of all the Gods I did requyre,

Which







## Of DAMON and PITHIAS.

Which now to my joy, doth graunt my desire:  
 But why doe I stay any longer, seeing that one mans death,  
 May suffice I king, to pacifie thy wrath:  
 O thou minister of iustice, doe thyne office by and by,  
 Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble inot to die:  
 Stephano the right patrone, of true fidelitie,  
 Commend me to thy master my swaet Damon, & of him craue libertie:  
 When I am dead in my name, for thy trustie seruices,  
 Hath well deserued a gift farre better then this,  
 Oh my Damon farewell now for ever, a true friend to me most deare:  
 Whyles lyfe doth laste, my mouth shall styll talke of thee,  
 And when I am dead my simple ghost true witnes of amitie:  
 Shall houer about the place wheresoeuer thou be,

### DIONISIVS.

Cubulus, This geare is straunge, and yet because,  
 Damon hath fals't his faith, Pithias shall haue the lawe:  
 Gronno, dispoyle hym, and eke dispatch him quickly.

### GRONNO.

It shal be done: since you came into this place,  
 I might haue stroken of seauen heads in this space:  
 Wer lady here are good garments, these are myne by the roode,  
 It is an euill wynde that bloweth no man good:  
 Now Pithias kneele downe, aske me blessing like a prettie boy,  
 And with a trise thy head from thy shoulders I wyll conuay.

Here entreth Damon running & stapes the sword.

Stay, stay, stay, for the kinges aduantage stay,  
 O mightie kyng, myne appoynted time is not yet fully past,  
 Within the compasse of myne houre loe, here, I come at last:  
 A life I owe, a life I wyll you pay:

Oh my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friende,  
 Ah wa is me for Damons sake, how neare were thou to thy ende:  
 Geue place to me, this robe is myne, on this stage must I play,  
 Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionisius his blood to pay.

### GRONNO.

Are you come sir: you might haue taried if you had bene wyse,  
 For your hastie comming you are lyke to know the prise.

### PITHIAS.

O thou cruell misanister, why didst not thou thine office,  
 Did not I bidde thee make hast in any wyse:  
 Hast thou spared to kill me once that I may die thy wyse:  
 Not to die for my friend, is present death to me, and alas,  
 Shall I see my sweet Damon, aaine befoze my face:



## The Tragical Commedie

What double death is this : but O mightie Dionissus,  
Do true iustice now, way this aright, thou noble Cubulus :  
Let me haue no wronge, as now standes the case,  
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias :  
By misaduenture, not by his will, his howze is past, therfore I  
Because he came not at his last tyme, ought iustly to die :  
So was my promise, so was thy promise O Kynge,  
All this Courte can beare witnesse of this thinge.

DAMON.

Not so, O mightie Kynge, to Iustice it is contrarie,  
That for an other mans faulte, the Innocent should die:  
Pe yet is my time playnly expired, it is not fully none,  
Of this my day appointed, by all the Clockes in the Towne.

PITHIAS.

Belæue no Clocke, the houre is past by the Sonne.

DAMON.

Oh my Pithias, shall we now breake the bondes of Amittie :  
Will you now ouerthrowt me, whiche heretofore so well did agree.

PITHIAS.

My Damon, the Goddes forbid, but we should agree,  
Therfore agree to this, let me persourne the promise I made for thee:  
Let me die for thee, doe me not that iniurie,  
Both to breake my promise, and to suffer me to see thee die  
Whome so dearly I loue: this small request graunt me,  
I shall neuer aske thee more, my desire is but kindly:  
Do me this honour, that same may repozte triumphantly,  
That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented to die.

DAMON.

That you were contented for me to die, same cannot denie,  
Yet same shall neuer touch me with such a villanie:  
To repozte that Damon did suffer his friend Pithias, for him gillles to  
Therfore content thy selfe, the Gods requitte thy constant faith, (die,  
Nonebut Damons bloud can appease Dionissus wrath :  
And now O mightie Kynge, to you my talke I conuay,  
Because you haue me leaue, my worldly thinges to say:  
So requitte that God tourne ere I die, for your behalfe this I say,  
Although your Regall State, damne Fortune decketh so,  
That like a kinge in worldly wealth, abundantly ye doe:  
Yet sickle is the ground whereon all Tyrants treade,  
A thousand sundrie cares and feares, doe haunt their restless head :  
No trustie hand, no faithfull friendes doe garde thy hatefull state,  
And why : whom men obey for deadly feare, sure them they deadly hate.

What







## OF DAMON and PITHIAS.

That you may safely raigne, by lone get friends, whose constant faith  
 I will neuer sayle, this counsell geues poore Damon at his death:  
 Friendes are the surest garde, for kinges golden time do wear away,  
 And other precious thinges do fade, frindship will neuer decay:  
 Haue friendes in troze therfore, so shall you safely scape,  
 Haue friendes at home of foraine foes, so neede you take no keape:  
 Abandon flatering tounge, whose clackes truth neuer tels,  
 Abuse the pill, aduance the god, in whome dame vertue dwels:  
 Let them your play fellows be, but O you earthly kinges,  
 Your sure defence and strongest garde, standes chisely in faithfull frinds  
 Then get you friends by liberall deedes, and here I make an ende,  
 Except this counsell mightie kinge of Damon Pithias friende:  
 Oh my Pithias, now farewell for ever, let me kisse thee or I die,  
 My soule shall honour thee, thy constant faith aboute the heauens shall  
 Come Cronno do thine office now, why is thy colour so dead? (his  
 My neck is so is short, that thou wilt neuer haue honestie in striking of

DIONISIVS.

(this head

Cubulus, my spirit is sodenly appauled, my limmes ware weake,  
 This straunge frindship amaseth me so, that I can scarce speake.

PITHIAS.

O mightie kinge, let some pittie your noble harte meene,  
 You require but one mans death, take Pithias, let Damon liue.

EVBVLVS.

O vspeakeable frindship.

DAMON.

Not so, he hath not offended, there is no cause why:  
 My constant frind my Pithias, for Damons sake should die:  
 Alas he is but young, he may do good to many,  
 Thou co warde minister, why doest thou not let me die?

GRONNO.

My hand with soden feare quivereth.

PITHIAS.

O noble kinge, shewe mercy on Damon, let pithias die,

DIONISIVS.

Stay Gronno, my flesh trembleth, Cubulus, what shall I doe?  
 Were there euer such frindes on earth as were these two?

Wh at harte is so cruell that would deuide them asunder?

O noble frindship, I must yeld, at thy force I wonder:

My hart, this rare frindship hath pearst to the rote,

And quenched all my fury, this sight hath bzought this aboute:

Which thy graue counsell Cubulus, and learned perswasion could  
 neuer do:

H. y.

O noble



## The Tragicall Commedie

O noble gentlemen, the immortal Gods above,  
 Hath made you play this Tragicke, I thinke for my behouer:  
 Before this day I neuer knew what perfect friendship ment,  
 My cruell mind to bloudy deedes, was full and wholly bente:  
 My fearefull life, I thought with terrour to defende,  
 But now I see there is no garde vnto a faithfull friend:  
 Which will not spare his life at time of present neede,  
 Happie kinges within your courtes haue twa such friends in deed:  
 I honour friendship now, which that you may playnly see,  
 Damon, haue thou thy life, from death I pardon thee:  
 For which god tourne, I craue this honour doe me lend:  
 Oh friendly harte: let me linke with you, to you make me þ third friend:  
 My courte is yours, dwell here with mee, by my commission large,  
 My selfe, my realme, my welth, my health, I commit to your charge:  
 Make me a thirde friend, more shall I ioye in that thing,  
 Then to be called as I am, Dionisius the mightie kinge.

DAMON.

O mightie king, first for my life most humble thanks I geue,  
 And next, I praye the immortal Gods, that did your harte so moue:  
 That you would haue respect to friendships heavenly loze,  
 Forseing wel, he need not feare which hath true friends in store (societie)  
 For my part, most noble king, as a thirde friend, welcom to our friendly  
 But you must forget you ar a king, for friendship stands in tru equalitie

DIONISIVS.

Unequall though I be in great possessions,  
 Met full equall shall you finde me in my changed conditions:  
 Tyrantie, Ratterie, oppression, loe, hear I cast away:  
 Justice, truth, loue, friendship shall be my ioy:  
 True friendship wyl I honour vnto my liues end,  
 My greatest glorie shalbe, to be counted a perfect friende.

PITHIAS.

For this your deede most noble King, the Gods aduance your name  
 And since to friendships loze, you list your princely harte to frame:  
 With ioyfull harte, O kinge, most wellcome now to me,  
 With you wyl I knit the perfect knot of amitie:  
 Wherein I shall instruct you so, and Damon here your friend,  
 That you may know of amitie the mighty force and eke the ioyful end:  
 And how that kinges do stand vppon a fickle ground,  
 Within whose Realme at tene of need, no faithfull friends are founde

DIONISIVS.

Your instruction wyl I follow, to you my selfe I doe committe,  
 Cubulus, wake haste to set new apparell fitte:

For







## OF DAMON AND PITHIAS.

For my new frindes.

EVBVLVS.

I go with a ioyfull hart, & happie day.

EXIT

GRONNO.

I am glad to heare this word, though their liues they do not leaue,  
It is no reason the Hangman should lose his fees:  
These are mine, I am gone with a trife.

EXIT

There entreth EVBVLVS with new garmentes.

DIONISIVS.

Put on these Garmentes now, go in with mee the Jewelles of my  
DAMON and PITHIAS. (Court.

We go with ioyfull harts.

STEPHANO.

Oh Damon my deare master, in all this ioy remember me.

DIONISIVS.

My friend Damon he asketh reason:

Dam. Pithias.

DAMON.

Stephano, for thy good seruice, be thou free.

EXEVNT. DION

STEPHANO.

O most happie, pleasant, ioyfull, and triumphant day,  
Dore Stephano, now shall liue in continuall ioy:

VIVE LE ROY with Damon and pithias in perfect amitie,

VIVE TV STEPHANO, in thy pleasant liberalitie:

Whereto I ioy as much as he that hath a conquest wonne,

I am a free man, none so merry as I now vnder the Sonne:

Farewell my Lords, now if Gods graunt you al of som of perfect amitie

And me longe to enioy my longe desired libertie. EXIT.

There entreth EVBVLVS beating CARISOPHVS.

Away villaine, away you flatteringe Parasite,  
Away the plague of this Courte, thy filed tongue that forged lies.  
So moze here shall do hurt, away false Sicophant, wilt thou not?

CARISOPHVS.

I am gone sir, seing it is the kinges pleasure,

Why whyppe me alone: a plague take Damon and Pithias since they  
I am due to seker clea abrod alas I know not whither, (came hither  
Yet Cubulus, though I begone, here after time shall trie,

There shall be foundeuen in this Court as great flatterers as I:

Well so; a while I will so; to the Court, though to my great payne,  
I doubt.

## The tragickall Commedie,

I doubt not but to spie a time when I may creepe in againe. **EXIT.**

EVBVLVS.

The Serpent that eates men aliuē, Flattery with all her broode,  
Is whipte away in Princes Courtes whiche yet did neuer good,  
What force, what mighty power, true Friendship may possesse:  
To all the worlde Dionisius Courte now playnly doth expresse,  
Who since to faithfull Friendes he gaue his willing eare,  
Doth sately sitteth in his Seate and sleepes deuoid of feare,  
Purged is the Court of vice, since Friendship entred in,  
Tyrannie quailles, he studieth now with loue eche hart to win,  
Vertue is had in price, and hath his iust rewarde:  
And painted speache that gloseth for gayne, from gifts is quite debarde,  
One loneth another now for vertue, not for gayne,  
Where Vertue doth not knit the knot, there Friendship cannot raigne,  
Without the whiche, no house, no land, ne kingdome can endure,  
As necessarie for mans lyfe, as Water, Ayre, and Fier,  
Which frameth the minde of man, all honest thinges to do,  
Unhonest thinges Friendshippe ne craueth, ne yet consents thereto,  
In wealth a double ioye, in woe a present stay,  
A swete companion in eche state true Friendship is alway:  
A iure defence for Kinges, a perfecte trustie bande,  
A force to assaile, a Shield to defende the enemies cruell hande,  
A rare, and yet the greatest Gifte, that God can geue to man:  
So rare, & scarce foure couple of faithfull frends haue ben since I worlde  
A Gift so strange, & of such price, I wish all Kinges to haue, (began  
But chiefly yet as duetie bindeth I humbly craue,  
True friendship, and true friendes full fraught with constant faith,  
The geuer of friends, the Lord grant her most noble Quene Elizabeth.

FINIS.







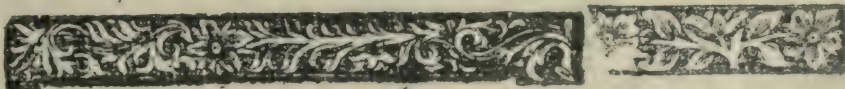
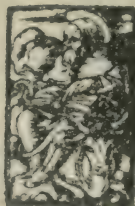
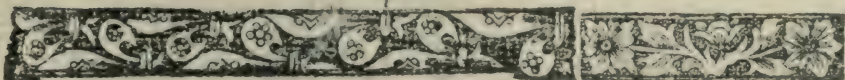


**The last songe.**

**T**he strongest garde that Kyngees can haue,  
 Are constant friends their state to saue:  
 True friendes are constant, both in word and deede,  
 True friendes are present, and help at each neede:  
 True friendes talke truly, they glose for no gayne,  
 When treasure consumeth, true frindes wpll remayne,  
 True frindes for their tru Prince, refuseth not their death  
 The Lorde graunt her such frindes most noble Queene  
 (Elizabeth.)

**L**onge may he gouerne in honour and wealth,  
 Moyde of all sicknesse, in most perfect health:  
 Which health to prolonge, as true friends require,  
 God graunt he may haue her owne hartes desire:  
 Which friendes wpll defend with most stedfast faith,  
 The Lorde graunt her such friendes most noble Queene  
 (Elizabeth.)

**FINIS.**















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